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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 433

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The Bolting Republicans 436
The Backbone of Socialism 436
The Universal Races Congress 437
Scholarship and Athletics 438

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Paris Book Notes 439

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Teaching of Literature 440
Amelia Booth and Lucy Feverel 440
Western Railways and Farming 441
Calendar Reform in Germany 441
"The Story of Al Raoui" 441
Crèvecœur 442
Industrial Education 442

LITERATURE:

The Diary of James K. Polk During His Presidency, 1845-1849 442
Burning Daylight 443
The Rosary 444
Freda 444
Storm and Treasure 444
The Meddlings of Eve 444
The Siege of the Seven Suitors 445
Six Essays on Johnson 445
Introduction to Political Science 445
Romantic California 446
The History of Gruffydd ap Cynan.. 447
The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton 447

NOTES 447

SCIENCE 450

DRAMA:

Husband and the Forbidden Guests: Two Plays 450

MUSIC:

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians 452

ART:

Color Prints of Japan 453

FINANCE:

Lending to China 455

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 456

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1910.

The Week.

For the first time in nearly two decades the Democratic party finds itself within hailing distance of control of the national government. In the House of Representatives, when the present Congress expires, the Democrats will have a good working majority; and even in the Senate they will probably come so near a majority as to make joint movements with Republican Senators of insurgent proclivities an easy possibility. The campaign just closed was distinguished from all the campaigns that have preceded it since 1896 by the complete absence of the Bryan issue. It is a Democratic sweep in which there was no distinction between Cleveland men and Bryan men, no looking forward to a renewal of the perennial candidacy of the "peerless leader." The party is thus, on the surface at least, in excellent shape for the Presidential contest of 1912. It is in the fortunate position of having a strong place in the political battleground, and yet being exempt from the responsibility of the actual administration of the government; but if it shall rest content with this advantage and rely for success simply on a continuance of public wrath against the Republicans, it will certainly not deserve, and in all probability will not receive, the prize now apparently within its grasp. Above all, it must show that it is in earnest with the great questions of the day, such as the tariff, and is ready to deal with them at once vigorously and intelligently.

The absurd allegation that the only issue in New York State was the menace of an alliance between Wall Street and Tammany Hall is effectually disposed of. For, if there is one thing that stands out above all else it is that Dix owes his election not to a tremendous Tammany vote, for the plurality in the greater city has several times been exceeded, but to the falling off in the Republican vote up the State. Precisely as the independent Democrats left their party in 1906 and 1908 to make possible the election and reëlection of Charles E. Hughes, so independent Republicans all over the State have voted John A. Dix into office. Mr. Dix carried the alleged stronghold of Tammany and Wall Street by 105,081, where Coler's plurality in 1902 was 126,000. Obviously, whether because of the labor issue or for some other reason, Dix disappointed Tammany's hopes in the city and would have been defeated had Stimson polled above the Bronx the Hughes vote of either 1906 or 1908. So far from being menaced by "corrupt" influences in New York city, the real danger to the Stimson-Roosevelt campaign lay all the while in the sinister activities of the "ticker-crowd" among the farmers and the "burglar-vote" in the small towns.

The complete overturn in New Jersey is at once a proof of the discrimination and independence of the voters of that State and a splendid triumph for Woodrow Wilson. He was aided, of course, by the general Democratic drift, but the outstanding fact in connection with his election as Governor is that he, a politically unknown man, should have made his own campaign and, by sheer appeals to intelligence, should have so manifestly won the votes of thousands of Republicans. We have never seen in this country a more striking example of what can be done by a man of great ability debating public questions upon the very highest plane, and throwing himself upon the mind and conscience of the voters. It was no partisan victory that Wilson has won, but one born of the general good sense of citizens who simply could not refuse to avail themselves of the services of a man of such demonstrated capacity and character.

Nothing is so astounding as the news from Massachusetts. That, in a campaign of less than three weeks, after the misbehavior of the Democratic Convention, Gov. Draper could be defeated no one could have imagined. The Governor himself, after the Faneuil Hall riot, was so sure of success that he made several speeches upon the hopeless political incapacity of the Democrats. Well, they have now turned him out of office in the shortest campaign on record, thanks to Mr. Roosevelt's attack on Foss, the great unpopularity of Senator Lodge, and the general dissatisfaction with the Payne-Aldrich tariff. The rebuke to the Republicans is the more marked because the rest of their ticket appears to have been elected, and the Legislature remains theirs. The significance of this cannot be misunderstood; hidebound protection Massachusetts wants no more of the Payne-Aldrich-Cannon kind of tariff revision. As for the independent Democrats, there will be rejoicing among many of them that the defeat of the candidates for the minor offices will be something of a check to the Fitzgerald-Lomasney machine, which is beginning to be as feared in Boston as is Tammany here. Finally, Senator Lodge must still be trembling in his shoes; so many of the Republican legislators have pledged themselves against him.

The decisive victory won by Gov. Harmon in Ohio is matter for hearty congratulation. In a State strongly Republican, he was elected to the Governorship two years ago by a plurality of 19,372, in the face of a Republican plurality of 69,591 in the vote for President. This remarkable tribute of public confidence has now been renewed, after he had been subjected to a two years' trial in the office of Governor, with all the difficulties and perplexities which that entails. Mr. Harmon represents a type of sturdy Democrat which it is most gratifying to see at the front, and it is of good augury for the party in the nation that his credentials as one of the foremost figures in the party have thus been emphatically confirmed. A special reason for taking pleasure in the result, aside from its larger significance, lies in the circumstance that the irresponsible attack made in the closing days of the campaign upon the integrity of his conduct as receiver of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad has received the rebuke it deserved. To the credit of the Republican press of the State, not a single newspaper of standing, it is said, gave any editorial support to this reckless charge.

We have no wish to rub salt into any man's wounds, but it is plain, in the cold light of "the morning after," that Mr. Roosevelt's course since his return

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in June has been one long series of political blunders. On the supposition, which his closest friends have sedulously fostered, that his heart was fixed on a nomination for the Presidency in 1912, it can only be said that he misread the situation utterly, and acted like a man whose famed political skill had entirely deserted him. Had he gone quietly to Oyster Bay and maintained a dignified silence throughout the campaign, defeat would have come to his party, but a great cry for him as the only compeller of victory would have been heard. He was probably misled by over-zealous friends. They flocked to him at Sagamore Hill and informed him that the country was not only clamorous for his return to power, but was ripe for radicalism. The touring of the country followed; the car-end harangues: the ostentatious ignoring of the President; the mischievous Osawatomie speech. Instantly the reaction set in, big with the threat of revolt, but the more he was protested with and opposed, the more headstrong and violent Mr. Roosevelt showed himself. He could brook no question of his infallibility, and bore himself as one whose word was necessarily a fiat with the people. As a result he stands now as the chief architect of disaster. He has demonstrated the fact that there are thousands of Republicans who will not vote for him or his nominees or his novel doctrines. There has appeared to be a fatal quality in his endorsement, so that nearly every man whom he lauded in different parts of the country has been defeated, while the men that he singled out for vituperation—Dix, Foss, Baldwin, Harmon—have been triumphantly elected.

It is always gratifying to see young Americans displaying the independent spirit that made this nation. It is especially gratifying to see it displayed in the halls of learning. There can be, accordingly, but one opinion upon the fight of the Columbia "men" for the abrogation of the university rule forbidding smoking in any of the lecture rooms or hallways of the buildings on the campus, with the exception of the two dormitories. As they argue, with unanswerable logic, the members of the faculty are able to step into their offices between lectures for a quiet smoke, while the students are discriminated against. Perhaps the agitation will lead to a juster view of the prerogatives of an instructor. But the most interesting, not to say significant, feature of the affair is the reputed origin of the anti-smoking rule. Even before the existence of the rule, there was one place where there was no smoking, and that was Hamilton Hall, the assigned reason being "the wishes of Dean Van Amringe." The university authorities, it is reported without a trace of a smile, "having observed the manner in which the dean's wishes were respected," grew bold, and decided to extend formally to all buildings a condition which prevailed informally at one of them. And so, once more, law received the acknowledgment of unwilling obedience in a matter in which deference had been cheerfully granted to a personality.

All Kentuckians will agree with the assertion of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* correspondent that the best English is spoken in that land of fair women and fast horses. James Russell Lowell used to urge the same for the English of his native Cambridge, which Mr. Howells granted—when Lowell himself was there to speak it. Nowhere is the eagerness of the human race to die for a cause they do not understand more strikingly illustrated than in the domain of language. The inhabitants of the mountains of eastern Kentucky, we are assured, are to-day speaking the language of Shakespeare, *argal*, theirs is the best English. Yet if we could resuscitate a Jacobean, we fear he would meet with instant repudiation at the hands of these very Kentuckians for speaking like an Irishman. By the same reasoning, moreover, the speech of the educated Londoner is the worst English in the world, since it has probably departed furthest from a Shakespearean norm. As a matter of fact, the best English, if by that is meant the best talk, is a fairly uniform commodity in London, in New York, in Sydney, and among the cultivated classes of Kentucky. As for pronunciation, that changes from age to age, from region to region, and the best is to be found among the people one likes—for whatever reason.

Positive assurances come from London that the conference between Liberal and Conservative leaders is to issue in a much broader scheme than was thought of when the committee was first named. Appointed to devise some means of quieting the controversy about the veto of the House of Lords, it has been led on, in the course of meeting after meeting, to consider a comprehensive plan to make over the House of Lords entirely, to grant some form of home rule to Ireland and also to Scotland and Wales, and to give the self-governing colonies representation at Westminster and a voice in the British Government. Such a vast project involves constructive statesmanship of the highest order; and it is naturally felt that no mere report from a conference committee, however able and authoritative, nor any precipitation of the great subject upon Parliament, would meet the needs of the case. Accordingly, there has for some time been a rumor that the recommendation of the conference would be to call a constitutional convention to pass upon the whole matter; and it is now stated that this plan will, in fact, be laid before Parliament as soon as it meets. Analogies from American and recent South African experience are freely cited. There is, however, one marked difference: the Annapolis and the Philadelphia and the Bloemfontein conventions met in order to form "a more perfect union." But the British constitutional convention, if we are to have such a novelty, would consider relaxing and modifying a union which has proved unworkable. For details we must wait till the official statement is made to Parliament, but the very fact of the long-continued and friendly conference of the leaders of opposing parties has already had a marked influence in allaying political bitterness in England, and if the final result be of the nature indicated, we are on the eve of momentous changes.

That the expeditious and business-like conduct of great criminal trials in England does not mean any less regard for the rights of the accused, or for the interests of truth, than is to be found in the long-drawn-out trials customary in this country, will be apparent to any one reading the full report of the last day's proceedings in the Crippen trial, as printed in the London *Times* of October 24. Not only was the summing-up of the evidence by the Lord Chief Justice, who presided at the trial, a masterly presentation of the testimony

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in all its important bearings; but the closing argument for the prosecution showed such accuracy and definiteness of aim, such clear and convincing reasoning, such a sticking to the points really bearing on the determination of the truth, as one associates rather with the idea of an address to a body of scientific thinkers than with that of a speech to a jury. Crippen was convicted because the evidence really left no room for reasonable doubt that he had committed the crime; and he was convicted so promptly—he was sentenced to death within five days of the impanelling of the jury—because the whole mechanism of the law was adjusted to the single purpose of getting at the essential truth of the case. The putting in of a mass of factitious matters, erecting artificial difficulties, and calling for the solution of irrelevant problems, so far from conducing to a more perfect working of the machinery, clogs it with dust and all manner of obstacles, and makes its action not only vastly slower, but also far less certain and less accurate.

American politicians are not often called upon to address universities, but in Great Britain the custom still holds. Public men count it an honor to be elected rector of one of the Scottish universities, as Mr. Asquith was a few months ago. His Rectorial address was recently given, and in the course of it he made a special plea for the cultivation of style. Dwelling for a moment upon the possibly unavoidable perils of specialization in modern education, and expressing a regret at the diminishing numbers of "all-round" scholars, the Prime Minister argued that, apart from either genius or special knowledge, there was such a thing as sense for literary form which every literary man ought to feel it a duty to nourish and develop. It is not the higher kinds of writing that Mr. Asquith had in mind; what he referred to was precision, fitness, and harmony in expression. And there was force in his contention that such qualities are not beyond the mastery of ordinary men if they will but take pains. He said:

> A vast deal of the slipshod and prolix stuff which we are compelled to read or to listen to is, of course, born of sheer idleness. When, as so often happens, a man takes an hour to say what might have been as well or better said in twenty minutes, spreads over twenty pages what could easily have been exhausted in ten, the offence in a large majority of cases is not due so much to vanity or to indifference to the feelings of others as to the inability or unwillingness to take pains. And the uncritical world, just as it is apt to mistake noise of utterance for firmness of character, has an almost invincible tendency to think that a writer or orator cannot be eloquent unless he is also diffuse.

The British Premier is a physician who has taken his own medicine. His speeches are seldom long, compared with those of other Parliamentary orators, and are, as a rule, marked by a lucid compactness.

The resignation of the French Cabinet, following directly upon a strong vote of confidence in the Premier by the Chamber, is reasonably explained as due to the desire of M. Briand to organize a united and homogeneous Ministry. This task has already been laid upon him by President Fallières, and Briand has accepted. It certainly seems that this is no time for France to swap horses while crossing a stream. Briand has shown himself a strong man whom the country is ready to support in a crisis; and if he has a positive programme to deal effectively with such a threatening difficulty as lately confronted France in the strike of the employees on the state railways, it is desirable that he should work with colleagues entirely in sympathy with his measures. Two or three members of the Cabinet are known not to have been; and we shall probably see now a reorganization of the Ministry able to remain in office for some time to come. Yet French precedents of recent years are not in favor of Ministerial stability; and if Briand falls after having scored a victory in the Chamber, he will not be the first Premier to have done so.

The beggar vote evidently does not influence the official actions of the Amir of Afghanistan, who has ordered the poor of Jellalabad to clear the "jungle of drought-resisting shrubs" which bear the deceptive name of the Lakhi forest. The order is accompanied by a promise of grants of land in the vicinity for three years, rent-free, and of water from a "projected" canal. The Calcutta *Englishman* is doubtless quite right in its assertion that, "even if there were any intention of constructing a canal," no amount of water would make the barren and rocky soil productive, but we do not suppose that this fact will cause any deep grief among the beggar population. These men, literally wearing the cloak of religion, by day "demand money by threats and at night are daring thieves." However much "real humor" there may be in setting them to work, and whatever the Amir's motives may be, there can be no doubt that one of the best things that could happen, for them no less than for their victims, would be their adoption of an honest livelihood. It would doubtless be involuntary, but that would be nothing against it. It is a question how many representatives of the enlightened nations would work with no spur except that of their own wills.

Politics in Liberia presents certain parallels to politics here. There is an oddly archaic echo, for example, in the statement that but for the anti-third-term spirit, "as well as the President's own declaration against a return to the executive mansion, there would not be the slightest doubt as to his securing, without an opposing voice, the nomination." Passing from President Barclay, the *Liberian Register* remarks that Vice-President Dossen, who was one of the commissioners to this country in 1908, will probably be brought forward. "He has an imposing figure, standing six feet in his boots, impressive and fluent in his speech. And we may say he is not without some of the qualifications that would make a good President." That is surely no undue hero-worship. But the Vice-President has signed his own political death-warrant. "It cannot be said that Mr. Dossen is quite as popular now as he was when on the Supreme Court bench. He seems to forget that bills which he may introduce or favor in the Senate cannot be necessarily accepted as were his decisions delivered from the bench." The Secretary of State declines to permit the use of his name at the Presidential nominating convention in January because of his preference for a post which makes him the adviser of all Presidents. This leaves only the Secretary of the Treasury. But he seems thoroughly fit for the place. "Mr. Howard is popular. His popularity is of the Rooseveltian sort. He is affable, yet positive. Consistency with him is a virtue." That makes it look, at any rate from this distance, very much like Howard.

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THE BOLTING REPUBLICANS.

Mayor Gaynor's letter, read at the Dix meeting in New York before the election, referred to the great and happy increase in independent voting looked for in both parties, and spoke of those "intelligent Republicans who are not mere slaves to partisanship." The number of Republicans who did vote for Dix was undoubtedly large. Every test of the returns from up the State and on Long Island, as well as in this city, indicates that a great party revolt is astir. Its extent is without a parallel in the history of the Republican party. In 1884 there was, indeed, a conscience Republican vote that could not be brought to vote for Blaine. In that defection many men of great weight were included, and they displayed a fine moral courage in standing up against a storm of abuse and obloquy; but there was not the avalanche-like slipping away of Republican votes which we have witnessed in New York this year.

Of it, as a whole, it may be said truthfully that it is a wholesome and even inspiring demonstration. We hold this not merely because it accentuates the tendency to independent voting. That of itself is full of promise. Every fresh proof that there is a growing body of citizens who cannot be misled by party names, is an excellent thing not only for the commonwealth but for parties themselves. But in this particular case there is an added element. The motives of the disaffected Republicans were not personal, but patriotic. It seemed to them that the time had come for them to render to their country the very highest service within their power —and that was to record their solemn protest, in the most effective way open to them, against political doctrines which they regard as full of peril and a personality which they consider a menace.

In this sense, the present Republican bolt is of a piece with the long revolt of conscientious Democrats against the domination and perversion of their party by Bryan. Year after year the latter broke old political associations to vote for what they believed to be the highest good of the nation. That their attitude was patriotic in the truest meaning of the word, was all along admitted by Republicans themselves. But the turn of the latter has now come. They used to say, half-jokingly, that the display of public spirit made by the anti-Bryan Democrats was impressive, and that Republicans would emulate it if the occasion ever arose, but that it never could arise since there was no possibility of the Republican party being captured by a demagogue or led away after false lights. Yet the danger thus laughed at has suddenly become vivid; and, to their credit be it said, thousands of intelligent Republicans have met it as they said they would.

Especially addressed to this class of bolting Republicans, a committee of Mr. Stimson's friends issued an appeal in which they asked, among other questions, "If you, regarding Roosevelt as an evil, are against Stimson on that account, in all candor is not your attitude an expression of personal dislike or hatred?" This was, to be sure, a trifle better than to call the bolters crooks, but the suggestion of personal motives was bound to be futile. In the great majority of instances at least, the Republicans in revolt against Roosevelt had no conceivable personal interest in the issue, except as their concerns are wrapped up with those of their fellow-citizens. They might, of course be mistaken in their determination, but they based it upon unselfish and public grounds. They dreaded, and dread, for their party and even more for their country, the effect of what would undoubtedly have been acclaimed as a Roosevelt victory in New York. To those who told them that their fears were imaginary, or, at any rate, premature—that they ought to have waited till 1912 before trying to settle its business—they were ready to reply in the words of Burke that "an early and provident fear is the mother of security."

Such a cleavage as that now going on in the Republican party has its immediate significance, but there is something in it that runs beyond the day and the occasion. This is the gratifying assurance it gives once more that we have secure resources not only against the excesses of party madness, but against the arts and the assaults of self-seeking agitators. When we see that the same sobriety and independence of partisan control which rebuffed Bryan and repulsed Hearst can be counted upon to oppose even Theodore Roosevelt, we certainly are able to face the political uncertainties of the future with a lighter heart.

THE BACKBONE OF SOCIALISM.

An interview with Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, recently printed in the New York *Times*, presented in juxtaposition two aspects of the Socialist situation, which, taken separately, are sufficiently familiar to everybody, but which are not so often thought of together. In the first place, in response to his interviewer's questions about the spread of Socialism in this country, he cited a number of striking facts bearing undeniable testimony to the growth of the movement not only as regards the number of its declared adherents, but as regards the penetration of Socialist doctrines, more or less unavowed and indeed more or less unconsciously held, into the magazine and newspaper literature of the day. And in the second place, he gave his own confession of faith—the statement of that doctrine which alone he regards as truly entitled to the name of Socialism, and which is, in a word, the embodiment of the simple and clean-cut dogma usually associated with the name of Karl Marx.

Now, we all know that there has been this great spread of the Socialist tendency, and we all know that the Socialism which is represented in it has a thousand forms, many of them bearing only the faintest resemblance to the "orthodox" Socialism of Marx. What we do not know, and what Mr. Stokes's fervent declaration of faith suggests as a question of keen interest, is the degree in which the original ferment still leavens the whole lump—the relative part which Marxian dogma still plays in the maintenance of the agitation and the determination of its spirit. And, while no clue to the answer to this question is directly furnished by anything in Mr. Stokes's statement, the very nature of it indicates what the true answer in all probability is.

The essence of the doctrine that Mr. Stokes lays down consists in the unqualified denial of the right of owners of capital, as such, to any share in the product of industry; and the ground of this denial is as simple and unqualified as is the denial itself. The people who draw interest and dividends rob the laborers of that portion of the product of their labor which goes to the making of these payments, without themselves having contributed anything toward the creation of that product. What the true Socialist must say to the present owners

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of capital, when the time of his power shall arrive, is—according to Mr. Stokes's declaration—just what a rightful owner would be called upon to say to a robber who has too long held, by an alleged prescriptive right, that to which he had no claim in justice or equity: "We will forgive you for the wrongs which you have done to us; we will ask no recompense from you for all the robberies you have inflicted on us; but hereafter we will use the money capital which we ourselves provided, and the buildings and machinery which we ourselves have made, and the tracks which our own hands have laid."

Now, it is plain that this simple doctrine, preached with the ardor of conviction by scores of enthusiastic propagandists, has an immeasurable advantage over any more refined or more qualified form of socialistic teaching. Nothing is easier than to show that it rests upon the most palpable ignoring of an essential factor in the case; and, to the credit of intellectual Socialists be it said, it has been repudiated by what are now called the scientific Socialists of our time. But when it comes to the rank and file of the Socialist body, we may be sure that it is upon this simple gospel, and not upon any more recondite teaching, that they build their faith. And on the other hand, it is because this simple doctrine involves a fatal falsehood that upholders of the existing order are justified in their confidence in the power of that order to withstand the tide of Socialism.

In his elaborate analytical reply to Mr. Stokes's statement, Prof. Irving Fisher uses a happy phrase when he says that while in some specific cases it may be true that confiscation would be justified, this procedure must be based on something other than "the fiction that interest is robbery." To say that the owners of capital have contributed nothing to the creation of the product is equivalent to saying that to set aside for productive purposes a portion of what one has acquired, instead of consuming it all, is to render no service to production. This is so palpably untrue that it would be a waste of words to insist upon the matter. In order to carry on those processes of production which have so enormously increased the total product of man's labor, it was absolutely essential that some persons should refrain from consuming the whole of what fell to their share, and should either themselves use, or permit others to use, the stored-up capital for purposes of future production.

Now, it is a perfectly tenable position that this service might be performed by some collectivist arrangement, and that such arrangement might be preferable to what has actually been done in the past. But so far from this proving that the individualist system of capital has been robbery, it proves almost the exact opposite. It is precisely because the existing system has demonstrated the indispensableness, and the enormous efficacy, of savings in the form of capital, that the collectivists assert the necessity of those savings being controlled and owned by the community as a whole. Not that the owners of capital have done no service, but that the service they have done is of such vital importance that hereafter it must be provided in a better way than in the past, is the true basis of collectivism. But when you get the thing on this basis you come down to the debatable question whether or not a better way can actually and practically be provided. The "fiction that interest is robbery" must then be wholly abandoned; and with that gone, the backbone of Socialism as an emotional crusade is broken.

THE UNIVERSAL RACES CONGRESS.

There is something attractive in the plan for a Universal Races Congress to be held in London next July. Its purpose is "to discuss in the light of modern knowledge and the modern conscience the general relations existing between the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called colored people"; and, of course, the result hoped for is a friendlier feeling, a heartier coöperation, and a better understanding. What could be more natural, what more desirable, than such a give and take? Somehow or other, the colored men and the whites have got to arrive at a mutual basis of respect and good will, if the world is to develop in peace and without bitter hatreds and possibly even fearful calamities. Nothing to be thought of at present can contribute so much toward this end as a joint meeting at which the different points of view can be stated and the races of the East explain their aspirations and ideals. Without some direct touch, some such frank expression on a basis of mutual friendliness and self-respect, the world at large will be entirely too ready to dismiss the whole subject with a glib "East is East and West is West."

Now even the dominant white races, which have been so sure they are of the Lord's anointed when it comes to showing those they deem their inferiors how to manage their affairs, have begun to feel some qualms of conscience and doubts as to their ability to regulate their conquered distant provinces. These have recently been expressed by no less a pro-consul than Lord Cromer himself. The difficulty seems to be that, while it is easy to rebuild wasted cities, to refinance a country, enlarge its crops, and to introduce modern sanitary and police methods, the beneficiaries decline to become or to remain content. Good government refuses to satisfy them, as is the case in Egypt to-day, and the reason is that it is not *their* government; they would rather be dirtier and more diseased and far less progressive, if only they could do things their own way and develop according to their own ideals. So it is that, whether the colonizers are English, French, Germans, or Americans, the dissatisfaction grows the longer the overlordship continues. Lord Cromer's own experience in Egypt is a perfect case in point.

One reason for this is that the so-called civilized nations approve, in their mental inflexibility, no methods which are not their own. The native of Dagupan must not only live in a clean house; he must wear clothes of American woollen or shoddy, cut in American style. If he refuses, there is no attempt whatever to study his own desires and ask him the whys and wherefores; he is simply set down as a heathen whose mental processes no one can understand. The fact that the races at their points of contact are usually at daggers drawn is still another reason why neutral ground should be chosen for an attempt at better understanding. But it is not only those who are being forcibly uplifted whom the congress will include. Japanese and Chinese, Turks and Haytians, are as well to be represented in the effort to smooth out racial misunderstandings and bickerings. How desirable this is even from the point of view of foreign offices and state departments is obvious if one stops to consider the political conditions in the Far

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and Near East. The tremendous awakening in Japan and in India alone has made the chancelleries of Europe shiver. The open door, with its guarantee of a fair start for the business of China, may be an open door to other things than trade. The East is nearing the West; its natives have always known how to die and they are learning now how to die with the white man's rifle in their hands. This fact alone counsels such a congress as is to meet in London in the name of peace and good will. The phrase, "mastery of the Pacific," conceals a struggle, some tell us, that will yet convulse half the globe. Were this true, it would only prove this to be eminently the time for all the peoples of the Pacific to get better acquainted before they are inflamed by irresponsible journalists and needless war scares beyond the hope of friendly appreciation of one another's aims and aspirations.

Essentially, the congress is to be non-political. Questions of a pressing, rasping nature are to be avoided as a matter of course. Critics will doubtless be found to assert that only the outskirts of the problem will be touched. Yet it is by passing through the outskirts first that one comes to the centre of things; and later congresses—we trust there will be a permanent organization and regularly recurring world-conferences—will define their own scope. The all-essential thing is that representatives of the races shall get together, not as inferiors and superiors, but as human souls, to find the best means of dwelling together in peace and harmony and of preventing a split along the color line—something that was unknown in the days of antiquity, before the dawn of Christianity, when what we are pleased to term barbarism, and not civilization, ruled the world. That Americans have a peculiar interest in such a congress is obvious. Nowhere else is the problem of black and white so serious or so pressing; nowhere else is there so much need for sanity and detachment in its discussion. We trust that the executive secretary, Dr. Gustave Spiller of London, who is here to organize American interest in this undertaking, will meet with the hearty support to which the magnificent possibilities of the undertaking so obviously entitle him.

SCHOLARSHIP AND ATHLETICS.

"The student who studies is an anomaly." "Usually our undergraduates live two lives—distinct; one utterly non-academic. The non-academic is for them the real; the scholarly an encroachment." Two such statements as these, the first made recently by the president of Smith College and the second in a book by Professor Gayley of the University of California, might, it should seem, start a scandal. It is as though two prominent clergymen should fling out the charge that church members look down upon any who go to church to worship God. That the trouble with the colleges does amount to mistaken worship is manifestly what Professor Gayley, at least, believes, for his book is called "Idols." If President Burton and Professor Gayley had exploded their bombs a few years back, they might have caused an upheaval. But the college has been under fire so much of late that anything more than the usual din is a matter of indifference; even President Lowell's admission a week ago that scholarship was never held in lower repute by the undergraduate excited no great comment. We are glad to hear, however, that faculties have begun to shoulder the responsibility for the present evils, instead of shifting them with the plea that students of to-day have not the quality or the capacity that was possessed by men of their own day. By a professor at Yale the reverse has just been asserted with some impatience and vehemence. And Professor Gayley says frankly: "The long and short of it is that we educators don't educate. We are fuddled with educational fads; and we fuddle the schools in turn."

To make the situation more embarrassing the institution with which teachers have had most to compete—athletics—is being conducted with business-like efficiency. A Harvard professor makes no secret of his opinion that not a course in the college can show the organization which undergraduates regularly demand of athletic coaches. This is not an overstatement. Any one who has followed college athletics must have been impressed by the hard work, the drudgery, to which boys submit, their devotion never flagging meanwhile. To go out and run a mile, rain or shine, or grind away at the oar day by day, even the youngest of professors would find extremely irksome. Nor is it quite true that the hero-worship coming to members of "the team" is all that boys have in mind who go through their ordeals. Reward nevertheless comes to him who "serves" his college. He is almost sure to make a desirable club.

Recognition of this sort would not be forthcoming, however, unless the undergraduate body regarded athletics as the chief common bond among students to-day. As such, athletics have to be reckoned with. To see rich boys and poor boys fast friends because they are on the same team, or because they lose themselves in their enthusiasm in the cheering sections, is to watch a great force making for democracy. And the college "loyalty" created is no trivial thing. This we may admit without blinding our eyes to the immense follies and dangers of the athletic obsession.

And we may also say that it is only fair to admit that, with conditions such as they are, opportunities for a common bond other than athletics hardly exist. What the distracting elements are and how long they have been operative, educators are trying hard to ascertain. They consult their own memories or such a book as Professor Beers's "The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus," and observe that not more than forty or fifty years ago robust and attractive boys were glad to talk of Plato or to swap a Latin phrase, and to pay homage to one who could turn a verse or write a thoughtful essay. Since then the elective system has been introduced pretty generally, and it has been blamed indiscriminately for the change; especially on the ground that it broke up the traditions of general courses where students met together in large numbers. Harvard has apparently felt convinced of this, and is calling a halt.

Yet we believe that another result of the elective system is quite as much to blame—we mean the high specialization of instruction, by which the curriculum is split up into dozens of courses of tiny range. So circumscribed are these courses that a man of no imagination and no reading, provided only he be the product of the Ph.D. system, can often give them with apparent satisfaction; that the information so imparted has any place in education, we very much doubt. This condition, coupled with the small salaries,

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has resulted in a type of instructor for which the student has little respect—certainly, not nearly so much, as a rule, as he has for the mental equipment of his athletic coach. The lack of respect, itself, is no secret. It was stated as one of the reasons for raising the large sum of money a few years ago at Cambridge; the salary of the instructor, and even of the assistant, was to be increased so as to attract more desirable men to the staff. We believe, however, with Professor Gayley and others, that by far too many subjects are offered—foreigners have often ridiculed the multiplicity—and that the mere elimination of a multitude of minor topics from the curriculum would do much toward bringing back into our faculties men who by their intellect and personality command admiration and a following. That would be a long step toward restoring intellect itself to the eminent place of honor now occupied by muscle.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, October 25.

"Une Cause célèbre au XVIIe siècle" (H. Champion), by Dr. Philippe Maréchal, with a preface by Arthur Chuquet of the Institut de France, and 40 inset plates of ancient châteaux and ruins, portraits and escutcheons, forms a bulky volume in which the author has laudably used family papers of an ancestor who figured largely in the case. Beatrix de Cusance, to set a crown upon her head, began by attributing to Charles IV of Lorraine a child who was really the son of her first husband, the Prince of Cantecroy-Granvelle. She had been but a few days a widow when she thus drew Charles into marrying her secretly—though he was already married. It took popes, kings, emperors, parliaments, and courts of justice interminable to put an end to the ensuing entanglement of bigamy, abduction, child-substitution (the *posthume* when he grew up persistently claiming his real father's heritage), and all the rest. The book is quite prolix, with letters and other copious *pièces justificatives*. Incidentally, it throws light on a minor period of history. Perhaps its chief interest is in its showing how real life worked out an historical romance.

"Episodes et Portraits" (second and third series: H. Champion), by Arthur Chuquet, make up two new volumes of historical miscellanies. The author, besides his position at the Collège de France, is known for his many books, chiefly on Revolutionary and Napoleonic history. A summary of the memoirs of Primi Visconti (published a year ago by Jean Lemoine: Calmann-Lévy) telling how that Italian adventurer found the Court of Louis XVI, *la plus belle comédie du monde;* Berthier's letters to Joséphine, keeping her maritally informed of Bonaparte's doings during the Italian campaign; Metternich as one more *liaison* for Madame de Lieven, Guizot's friend, who appears in so many recently published memoirs; Madame Hamelin, the Creole from San Domingo, who was one of Napoleon's best spies, and lived faithful to his memory to see the dawn of the Second Empire; curious pages from the German memoirs of an Alsatian archivist, who knew Mérimée at Strasburg and Stendhal at Rome—are a few specimen subjects with which the general reader is made acquainted, while they are indexed for the historical student.

"Versailles royal" (H. Champion), by Juste Fennebresque, treats its subject from quite a novel point of view. To the futilities of court life it opposes the multiple utilities of the royal parks and institutions, "combating a prejudice of too long standing against our kings' creations at Versailles. It is necessary to acknowledge that, while some of them have not been respected, others, let what will be done, remain indestructible." A first part gives the history and particular description of this "Petite Venise" with its Grand Canal; the vast engineering works for bringing water, and the landscape artists' work; the corporation in charge, with its flotilla, and their history from Louis XIV to the Second Empire; and the present state of things. The second part describes the Potager, with its medicinal garden for the poor, and the famous Orangerie; Madame de Pompadour's Ermitage; the replanting of parks and gardens by Louis XVI, and the itinerary of the royal walks just before the Revolution, with pathetic details of Madame Elisabeth's domain so ruthlessly annihilated; Versailles as an experiment station of war and botany, agriculture and ballooning, under Louis XIV, XV, and XVI; and, among other things, the Petit Séminaire of Madame, founded by the daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in memory of them, and here made the occasion of a note of sharp criticism of Turquan, the latest biographer of the unfortunate princess. There are seven pages of an index of sources, documentary and printed.

"L'Effondrement du Royaume de Naples—1860" (Lausanne: Payot), by H. Remsen Whitehouse, is a French work on an historical subject which the author treated in English some years ago. It describes in chronological detail a series of events belonging to the history of our own times, from which contemporary passions and exaggeration have not yet disappeared; and it is written with unusual intelligence and moderation for such history. The minute index of proper names and the summary analysis of the various chapters published as a table of contents give peculiar value to the book for purposes of reference.

"Le Romantisme et les mœurs" (H. Champion), by Louis Maigron, professor at the University of Clermont-Ferrand, is an historical and social study from unpublished documents on a question of more than literary interest. Half an historic age, at least, was bred upon romanticism. After preliminary observations on the romantic æsthetics and ethics, their individualism, hypertrophy of imagination, and sensibility at the expense of reason and will, and the dangers of the system, our author, in a first book, treats formally of Romanticism and the Individual, its exotic and romantic tastes, and its influence on men of letters. He does not proceed by dissertation, but by flesh-and-blood examples and living words from real men and women, like Théophile Gautier. Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Flaubert, and his scarcely less real Emma Bovary, Berlioz, George Sand, Baudelaire, *e tutti quanti*. Among the latter are not the least profitable witnesses, such as Philothée O'Neddy and Frédéric Soulié, in their disclosures of "misunderstood souls." The hypertrophy and its consequences, in which love, of course, demands a chapter, its neurasthenia, Satanism, *sadisme*, and suicide, are taken up successively and pitilessly in real utterances and examples. A second book, on Romanticism and Society, goes into *Antonisme*, for which Alexandre Dumas, playing with the centuries, was responsible in a disdain for all authority, and which became chattering hatred among smaller people; and into George Sand's equal disdain for conventional marriage. The third book of the volume deals with the disavowal made by the romantics themselves of romantic morality. The value of the book to all interested in literary criticism and the influence of literature on history may be estimated from the eight pages of bibliographical index. On the whole, the volume gives the high-water mark of the present reaction against the romantics, their works and words, and may be curiously compared with the sweeping religious condemnation which assailed their advent.

"La Question sociale en Espagne" (Alcan), by Angel Marvaud, is far and away the most quintessential work to be consulted by those who care to follow right reason in the present passionate and prejudiced controversies about Spain. There, as in other Continental countries of Europe, the study of revolution, socialism, anarchy, Church and State, and all the rest cannot safely be separated from that of the economic and social conditions of the people. The author has investigated at first hand, in connection with the Musée Social of Paris, the present labor movement in

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Spain, in its origin before and during the Internationale, in the development of anarchy and socialism, and in the new reorganization of the Internationale under the form of revolutionary syndicalism; the condition of the industrial proletariat, with definite results of much patient research in desperate statistical sources, and in the same way the condition of the country population; individual or collective reforms undertaken independently and state action in favor of industrial and farm laborers, with the connected questions of property, schools, emigration, and land improvement. A few moderate, hesitating pages are given to the Barcelona days of July a year ago, which have excited universal curiosity and ended in darkening counsel by words without knowledge. In chapters written before those violent explosions, M. Marvaud gives facts, ignorance of which has much biassed recent controversies—the consistent growth of far-reaching social work on the part of Catholics. "Socialists are naturally the enemies of the Church, whereas the Catholic social movement has precisely its origin in the desire to struggle against socialism and to stop its propaganda in the proletarian world. . . . Conflicts may be foreseen between these rival tendencies, calculated to endanger even the tranquillity of the country, if they are left alone face to face with each other." Time has quickly proved the foresight of such words. Even those who refuse sedulously to listen to any reasons and conclusions except their own will find useful the fifty pages of tables giving statistics not easily obtainable elsewhere. S. D.

Correspondence.

THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The historical teaching of English has undoubtedly done much good. It has helped us to see how in each age literature is a reflection of life, it has shown us the continuity of literature and enabled us to arrange our knowledge conveniently. And yet it may be questioned whether the system has given us enough to compensate for what it has taken away. To be sure, the taking away has not been a necessity, and could, indeed, be easily prevented. The effect, however, has often been to fill the students' heads (temporarily) with names, dates, and facts to the exclusion of all else. A dull writer is studied for his historical importance, while a genius is slighted because he is not typical or epoch-making. Thus an unclassified author, for instance, Landor, has a poor chance. The questions asked in examination are not: What poetical qualities appealed to you in "Childe Harold?" but: Show how Byron exemplifies the contemporary spirit of individualistic revolt against conventions. The English instructor is *ex officio* a literary historian, and a critic as well, though the latter character requires a far higher type of mind than the former. An historian, in the narrower sense here implied, has but to record facts, whereas the critic endeavors to determine by fixed canons the artistic value of a given work. It is therefore easy to see why the absolute worth of a poem, apart from time and circumstance, is often left unconsidered.

I do not wish to be misunderstood on this point. I understand from experience the value and the pedagogical expediency of the historical method; it seems merely a case of: These things ye ought to do and not to leave the others undone. The practical result on the student should be examined. He knows that by memorizing lectures and synopses of the required readings he can pass in the course, he is lukewarm in his interest, finds the lectures dull, and has no temptation to read for himself. How shall his apathy be overcome? Obviously by teaching him to appreciate literature as such. The modern professor with a superior smile says: "Oh, we don't attempt to inculcate a love of literature; the student must do that for himself." By all means, let him—if he is able. But who, at a first reading, can perceive the possibilities of a great poem? Who does not remember a hard passage made straight or a splendid line illuminated by the comment of a friend or a teacher of the old school? Very recently a noted professor of English said to me: "We need more intensive and appreciative literary courses." By reading aloud in class, or by analyses which are not dissections, the instructor may awaken a permanent interest and a desire in the student to look deeper and apply for himself the careful sympathy which has been shown him. Perhaps this may seem like taking a leaf from the book of the despised public lecturer, but why should we not? Is the power of reading musical verse musically and noble verse nobly a detriment to a college instructor?

The ultimate question is this: What is it that makes literature worth while? Is it valuable for itself or only as a "human document" to show the life of the individual or his time? If the latter position is correct, then the work of any sixteenth century scribbler may concern us as legitimately as that of Shakespeare. Perhaps it is to avoid the risk of such a mistake that the English have been slow to introduce the systematic study of their own literature. But nearly every one feels at bottom that the true value of poetry is absolute. Genius is not a matter of evolution, says an able critic. Homer enthralls us not because he pictures the heroic age of Greece, but because he is Homer. Call the Iliad a syndicate product, you will not affect its charm. The greatest English master "was not for an age," nor need we study his age to appreciate his greatest qualities. We have followed too blindly the dictum of Taine that all literature is the result of the time when and the people by whom it is produced. From this remorseless scientific spirit we may be again compelled to take refuge in mysticism. Scott, the frankest and least affected of bards, writes: "In sober reality, writing good verses seems to depend upon something separate from the volition of the author." This something, the *vera causa* of the poet, has not yet been defined; by the doctrine of *nihil ex nihilo* it must come from somewhere, but the most minute study of environment fails to account for it. So it is that the biographical and the historical systems of teaching threaten to come between us and the apprehension of what is best in literature. Charles Wharton Stork.

University of Pennsylvania, October 31.

AMELIA BOOTH AND LUCY FEVEREL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A comparison of some of the realistic novels of the eighteenth century with those of our own day has many points of interest. For example, let Fielding's "Amelia" and Meredith's "Richard Feverel" be read with a view to such a comparison, and it will be found that the aim of both authors is the same—to present problems and tendencies of the period in which the story is set, and to portray individuals which shall stand as types of that period. Making due allowance for the personal equation, the resulting difference lies largely in the changes in English life and thought.

Points of likeness are not hard to find when one has shaken off the bewildering effect of Meredith's bustling, crowding thoughts and unique personality; it is soon evident that both Fielding and Meredith scorn artificial sentimentalism, but have a decided taste for real sentiment, and that the attitude of each toward women is that of a kindly, though searching, analyst. In both stories the conception of the heroine's character is perhaps the best basis of comparison; and surely among Meredith's daughters (to use Stevenson's term) no kindlier choice could be made than Lucy, for the gentle Amelia might justly feel overshadowed if placed beside some of the more brilliant ladies of modern fiction. As Amelia possesses some qualities not usually found in heroines of her day, so Lucy has much of the trustful, clinging-vine sweetness now associated with the old-fashioned heroine.

Amelia's accomplishments are wholly of the domestic order, and she weeps and faints with the ease and grace demanded of a lady of refinement in her day; nevertheless, the author endows her with the somewhat unusual gifts of courage and humor. In our time, when woman's lack of humor has become an axiom (with no convincing Q. E. D., however), it is refreshing to go back into the eighteenth century and find Amelia's keen sense of the ludicrous pointed out as one of her most engaging qualities; though it must be confessed that the proofs are not especially convincing. Even so, she is in this respect rather in advance of Lucy, whose humor is more negative than that of most of Meredith's heroines.

We are apt to consider the robust heroine as a growth of the modern novel, perhaps because of the generation of pallid, delicate beings immediately preceding her; but it is to be observed that Fielding is an ardent admirer of health and vigor. Amelia's fine constitution and ability to endure are often alluded to with pride by her erring but appreciative husband; they must have been remarkable, indeed, to persevere in spite of the utter disregard of physiology indicated by her waist in Cruik-

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shank's illustrations! Her personality does not suggest the Venus of Milo as strongly as that of Meredith's vigorous damsels, notably Carinthia; but the author describes honest, capable health, of a kind calculated to please even a scientific humanist.

One minor touch of similarity in the two young women is their recourse to the gentle art of cookery, on occasions when Man is to be placated or beguiled. Amelia waiting, after a misunderstanding, for Booth to come home to the favorite supper which she has prepared, and Lucy striving to win a place in the esteem of the "wise youth" by her devotion to Dr. Kitchener, have much in common, and proceed along well established lines. As Mrs. Berry sagely observes to Lucy, "kissing don't last; cookery do."

In the matter of conversation, the difference between the two books is wide. The talk of Fielding's characters, lengthy, stilted, and detailed, does not suggest a deep penetration below the surface as a rule, while Meredith's crisp, concentrated sentences give an almost uncanny revelation of the human heart and its workings. Both Amelia and Lucy take a minor part in the conversation of their respective circles; but when the eighteenth century lady has an idea to express, it is spread thin over a deal of space, whereas Lucy accomplishes wonders with half a dozen words and a twist of her expressive brows.

Amelia's life was beset with many trials, and the author sometimes makes us feel that she suffered, for instance when her husband goes to join his regiment. But it should seem that people recovered more easily from great emotional crises in those days, if we may judge from their chroniclers. Did they really take for granted a larger proportion of open wrong in public and private life, so that their nervous systems were unconsciously braced for the ordeal, or were the writers of that period less skilful in portraying suffering? There may be truth in both suggestions. In any event, let us be thankful that in the old books we are spared the modern clinical studies of morbid conditions, mental, moral, and physical. Surely the laws of morality and social observance are not more frankly broken now, though the psychological effect of wrong or misfortune may be more powerful in this more introspective age. May it not be that Meredith goes too far in this direction, overemphasizing the corrosive power of mental and spiritual distress? After the crisis of Amelia's trials, she is rapidly restored, and the last years of her life are happy. Lucy's troubles, on the surface, are not widely dissimilar, but with a greater capacity for mental suffering, and a more complex world about her, she succumbs. Here, in spite of the dramatic power and beauty of the closing scenes of her life, is *not the older novelist the better artist*, though the more conventional one? Even at the expense of possible inconsistency, would not most readers prefer to let the innocent young victims of the System pass from under the shadow of their wrongs and finally reap the benefit of what life holds of good? One somehow feels entitled to just rewards and retributions in the story world, and the conclusion of "Richard Feverel" seems needlessly painful.

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

Philadelphia, November 3.

WESTERN RAILWAYS AND FARMING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of September 22 an editorial note calls attention to the work certain Eastern railways are doing for the improvement of farming in the districts served by them, and suggests that some Western roads might take a lesson from this. Permit me to tell briefly what two Western railways are doing in Oregon and Washington to promote the same end. For two or three years the two leading railways of these States have run demonstration trains over their several lines in connection with the two State agricultural colleges. The object sought and the method by which it is sought will best appear from extracts from the announcements of these trains issued by the traffic managers. This, from the announcement of one of the railways for the season of 1908:

> The purpose of this movement is to encourage diversified farming through a continuous occupation of the land. . . . It is believed that existing methods can be improved through rotation systems of cropping and the employment of various cultural methods for the conservation of moisture, and the Traffic Department, with the coöperation of the Washington Agricultural College, has organized this course for the benefit of those directly interested in agricultural pursuits.

A bulletin by the same railway two years later, announcing a train to be run in connection with the Oregon Agricultural College, shows a marked development in the movement, in the amount of time given, in the extent of territory covered, and in the number of subjects presented, with a corresponding increase in the number of men from the Agricultural College and experiment stations accompanying the train as demonstrators and lecturers:

> Among the subjects to be discussed, according to the conditions in each locality, may be mentioned the following: Poultry, dairying, horticulture, more and better live stock, chemistry of the soil, rotation of crops, conservation of moisture, general cultural methods.

An announcement by the other railway of a similar train showed the equipment furnished by the companies:

> It will consist of one stock car, one flat car, three large baggage cars, and coaches for the accommodation of the party in charge. The equipment covers in a very thorough manner dairying, poultry, horticulture, forage crops, soils. The stock-car will carry good and poor dairy cows for demonstration purposes, and first-class beef-type cows, and representative individuals of some of our leading breeds of sheep.

To these demonstration trains a hearty reception has been given by the people in all sections of the two States. They are likely for some years to come to be regarded by the colleges as valuable opportunities for agricultural college extension, and by the railways as an effective means of the intensive development of the country they serve.

J. R. WILSON.

Portland, Ore., October 29.

CALENDAR REFORM IN GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have all been confused by the appearance of Christmas on a different week-day each year, by the coming of Thanksgiving on a different day of the month each year, by the variable recurrence of school terms, election dates, etc. If the German reformers agree among themselves and then bring the rest of the civilized world to their way of thinking, all these difficulties will vanish.

Delegate Pachnike, in the Prussian Abgeordnetenhaus, has already demanded that that body take action on such a reform, and the mathematicians are busy all over Germany with plans for effecting the desired regularity. Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg, in the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, proposes to call New Year's Day zero (0), which will leave the counted days 364 in number and begin each year with the same day of the week. Most of the calculators do substantially the same thing, but dispose in various fashions of the additional uncounted day which appears with the leap years. Elsa Koopman, in *Monismus*, suggests that the leap-days be allowed to accumulate for twenty-eight years, and then be disposed of in an uncounted "leap-week." She would set her calendar in motion with 1911, thus throwing her leap-years 1939, 1967, 1995, 2023, etc. She would omit the Sunday as Herr von Hesse-Wartegg proposes, would give January, April, July, and October thirty-one days each, the other months thirty; would set Sunday, April 14, as Easter; Christmas for the fourth Tuesday of December, Thanksgiving for the 29th of November. Her January, April, July, and October begin on Monday; February, May, August, and November on Thursday; March, June, September, and December on Saturday.

It is doubtful whether the standing still of the calendar for a week every twenty-eighth year would not occasion more confusion than the present arrangement. A calendar which accomplishes all that she can claim for hers and would promise to operate with less difficulty, could be constructed as follows: Apportion the months as Fräulein Koopman proposes, then begin with a year that comes in on Sunday, as she does—1911, 1922, 1928, etc.—but leave an uncounted day between December and January, and in leap-years another between June and July. We may call the extra days New Year's Day and Leap Year's Day, and thus locate them adequately without numbers. The first month of each quarter begins with Sunday, the second with Wednesday, and the third with Friday.

A division substantially like this has met with general favor and is possibly the calendar of the future.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Magdeburg, Germany, October 22.

"THE STORY OF AL RAOUI."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been making some investigations which lead me to the conclusion that William Beckford was not the writer of this little work. As the volume is now very rare, I transcribe the title-page of my own copy:

> The Story of Al Raoui, a tale from the Arabic. Second edition. London: printed by C. Whittingham, Dean Street, Fetter Lane; for C. Geisweiler, Pall Mall; sold also by G. G. and J. Robinson, and H. D. Symonds, Paternoster Row; J. Richardson, Royal Exchange; G. C. Keil, Magdeburg; B. G. Hoffman, Hamburg; G. J. Goeschen, and J. G. Beygang, Leipzig, 1799. 8vo. pp. 59.

The book is entirely anonymous. The

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dedication is merely signed, "The Translator." The volume comprises an English version, "The Story of Al Raoui" (pp. 10-24), a German version (pp. 25-44), and Verses (pp. 45-59). There were two editions issued in the same year. In the catalogue of the British Museum the book is entered under "Raoui," but in the Dyce and Forster copies at the South Kensington Museum, there are MS. notes attributing it to Beckford.

In the preface to the first English edition of "Vathek" Henley—not Beckford—professes that "the original of the following story, with some others of a similar kind, collected in the East by a man of letters was communicated to the editor above three years ago." Beckford rightly asserted that "Vathek" was not a translation but an original work.

In Ouseley's Oriental Collections, January-February-March, 1798 (Vol. II, No. i, p. 30) there is a table of contents of Jonathan Scott's MS. of the "Arabian Nights," and this includes the "Story of a lover whose mistress was killed by a lion." This story is printed with the Arabic text in No. iii, July-August-September, 1798, p. 349. It is No. 145 in W. F. Kirby's "Bibliography of the Arabian Nights." From this we may conclude that the decision to print this version was reached between March and September, 1798.

The story (which has strong resemblance to the Pyramus and Thisbe theme) has suffered at the hands of some of the editors and translators. One calls it the history of a courtier, which it is not; another calls it the history of a courtezan, which is still more inaccurate. Another turns Al Raoui into Al-Kavi. The "Story of Al Raoui" may mean the story of the story-teller or it may mean the story told by the story-teller. (See Chauvin: "Bibliographie Arabe," V, 117.)

The indications seem to point to Henley and not Beckford. Dyce and Forster may have been led by the mention of "Vathek" in the preface to regard "Al Raoui" as by the same author. There is another curious point. The *Monthly Review* for May, 1772, contains a notice of an anonymous poem entitled "Conjugal Love," which appeared at Cambridge in 1772. This stanza is cited:

> Then in my boys, some lovely maid I'll woo,
> Whose virtues and whose form resemble thine;
> While in your girls, shall pay his court to you,
> Some honest youth, whose bosom throbs like mine.

On which the critic quotes a verse from Gilbert Cooper's "Winifreda":

> And when with envy Time transported,
> Shall think to rob us of our joys;
> You'll in your girls again be courted,
> And I'll go wooing in my boys.

Now the poem on "Conjugal Love" identified by this quotation, appears on p. 48 of "Al Raoui." In a prefatory note we are told that "the verses which follow were long ago printed, but with more defects than their own. They are here annexed for the sake of correcting them." In 1772 Beckford, who was a boy of thirteen, was not likely to be writing and printing a poem on conjugal love. On the other hand, there is a difficulty in the fact that Henley in that year was out of England. He was then professor of moral philosophy at Williamsburg, Va. He may, however, have sent his MS. to some Cambridge friend, and his distance from the press would perhaps account for the mistakes of which he complains. Could not some one on your side of the Atlantic give information as to the Rev. Samuel Henley's American career? At present all that seems to be known is that he printed some sermons while still at the Virginian college. The probability that Henley was the author is very much strengthened, if not made absolutely certain, by the fact that "Al Raoui" was publicly attributed to him in the year of its publication. It was noticed in the *Magazin Encyclopédique* (v. année, tome 4, pp. 286-287), by A. L. Millin, who unhesitatingly speaks of "la traduction angloise de ce conte Arabe, par M. Henley." And Millin liked the story so well that he inserted a French translation of it in the same volume (p. 343). The reference to this French critique I owe to Professor Chauvin's remarkable "Bibliographie Arabe," and I have to thank his courtesy for a transcript of the article.

It is most likely that "Al Raoui" is a result of the Oriental studies of Beckford and Henley, and had remained in the hands of the latter for the sixteen years or so he mentions. This would give about 1783 as the date of composition of the little book. It looks as though Henley, when he knew that another version of the Arabic tale was likely to appear, could not resist the temptation of getting his own out in advance.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Manchester, England, October 28.

CRÈVECŒUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For several years past I have been collecting material toward a biography of St. John de Crèvecœur, who was appointed consul to this country from France at the close of the American revolution, but who is better known as the author of the "Letters from an American Farmer." Nearly a thousand items have been gathered together in the bibliography relating to Crèvecœur, containing the various editions of his works, letters and dispatches, published and unpublished, which refer to him in any way, newspaper articles by him and about him, criticisms, notices, reviews, etc. In order to make this bibliography and the work which depends upon it as complete as may be, I should be grateful to hear through your readers of any further sources of material relating to Crèvecœur. Although many of his letters have come to light during this investigation, only one has come to my notice in this city. This is to be found among manuscripts recently given to the Lenox library by Mr. J. P. Morgan.

J. P. MITCHELL.

No. 430 West 118th Street, New York, November 3.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR. Since industrial education means giving a "practical" training for the ordinary man's life-work, no intelligent man will deny its advantages. Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and any system of education which does not consider seriously this necessity is valueless. But industrial education does not cover the whole ground of "practical" education. A man may be an expert mechanic, and yet his skill will not suffice him if he commits murder or theft. In other words, every man is not merely a working animal, but he must be at the same time a social, a political, and a moral animal. This "practical" lesson can be best impressed by the judicious study of the record of human experience in history and literature. Industrial education is a good thing, but not at the expense of liberal education, for this, too, is a part of "practical" education.

The young man who is being trained to skill with his hands should not be deluded into believing that it is all the education he needs. Since the beginning of time there have been thousands of good workmen for every one good thinker; but progress and civilization are due to the thinkers. Surely progress and civilization are "practical" results.

JOHN PATTERSON,

University of Louisville, November 1.

Literature.

POLK'S DIARY.

The Diary of James K. Polk During His Presidency, 1845-1849. Edited by Milo M. Quaife; with an introduction by Andrew C. McLaughlin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 4 vols. $20 net.

The conditions under which Polk became President made it difficult for him to fill the office successfully. As a Jackson man he had the opposition of Calhoun, and as the one who took the prize from Van Buren, he could not have hearty support from the New Yorker. He thus had two Democratic factions against him at a time when the Whigs needed but a few votes to control the Senate. Besides Calhoun, three powerful party leaders were to be conciliated. Benton, strong with the older Jackson group, was an original Van Buren man. He was getting old, had his whims and his pride, and did not easily submit himself to leadership. He never supported Polk heartily. Buchanan and Cass, both aspirants for the Presidency, were too busy with their own prospects to unite cordially with the President for a party policy. Altogether, the situation was too complex for a man of Polk's ability. His "Diary" is witness to his perplexity.

The first trouble was in connection with the Oregon question. By the Democratic platform, which he accepted, he was pledged to demand fifty-four degrees forty minutes. Cass and the Northwest supported the demand. The extreme Southerners were willing to take less, some of them favoring the Columbia River. Polk, ever a nationalist, had to reconcile the two sides; for he could get no bill passed without the consent of both. Fifty-four degrees forty minutes meant war with England, and war could not be declared or fought without the consent of the South. Polk took a practical position, and renewed Tyler's

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offer of the forty-ninth parallel to Puget Sound. It was rejected with scorn. He then recommended Congress to give the necessary year's notice for ending the joint occupation of Oregon and taking steps to establish our sole jurisdiction there. He thought that if England saw we were in earnest, she would settle the matter amicably. The plan required unity and promptness; but the disaffected men in the party supported it most grudgingly, delaying action for more than five months, until England doubted if Polk's plan would succeed at all. In the meantime, some important nominations were defeated in the Senate, through a combination of Whigs and insurgent Democrats. Buchanan gave most trouble. Although Secretary of State, he constantly desired compromise and was overruled by the President. At last it was evident that England would accept the offer she rejected the preceding summer. Polk now took the dignified position that the proposition come from the other side. Buchanan thought we should renew our offer. He was exceedingly anxious to get the affair off the political stage. Polk overruled him, but found it necessary to exercise the most careful scrutiny of the dispatches lest the Secretary of State should give the intimation of retraction which England might make a basis for renewing the negotiation. At last, he forced that Power to accept a treaty which proved satisfactory to all but the Northwest. It was charged later that he sacrificed Oregon in the interest of the South. His "Diary" shows that he of all Southerners was most bent on a firm policy with England.

The "Diary" throws little new light on the Mexican war, but it proves that Polk was not an ardent pro-slavery man. He was of the school of Jackson, opposed to Calhoun and loyal to the Union. He was an expansionist and a nationalist. He wanted California to complete our Pacific coast-line. He would purchase it, if he could, and fight for it if he must. In the same way, he desired Cuba. But he says nothing to show that his motive was chiefly to extend slavery. On the contrary, that desire is not mentioned, and it seems to have been incidental merely. Like other expansionists, ancient and modern, he was not scrupulous in his methods.

He thought the Wilmot Proviso a political trick to discredit certain Presidential aspirants, and he regretted the serious manner in which some Southerners took it. He even pronounced their action selfish and malicious. He opposed the meeting to protest against the opposition to slavery in the District of Columbia. The best way, he said, to preserve the interests of the South was to maintain the Democratic party as a national organization. Let the meeting, if it must be, appeal to the sense of fairness in the sober men in the North, let it express confidence in them and not indulge in threats or recrimination. Calhoun's resolutions, he thought, tended to disunion through their influence on the people of the South.

The best thing in the book is the revelation of the man who wrote it. He had industry, patience, capacity in detail, good judgment, fairness to his associates, and loyalty to party. He was an excellent husband, a faithful churchgoer, with Methodist inclinations, and a gentleman in both public and personal affairs. Courage, or pertinacity, was his strongest quality. He was not mentally broad, he knew not how to dominate others, and he shows little magnanimity. He had the ordinary human virtues, and the ordinary human failings. He was President through accident, but in the period from Jackson to Lincoln, there was not a larger man at the head of the government.

Polk gives us a useful picture of Cabinet proceedings. He submitted to his advisers all kinds of business. They passed on the selection of a new Cabinet member as well as on a policy of state. He repeats with fulness what he said to his associates, but says little about their replies. From this report, they seem to have been a complaisant group, all but Buchanan, who is presented as capricious, selfish, and inconsistent. "Mr. Buchanan," we read, "is an able man, but is in small matters without judgment and sometimes acts like an old maid."

The most persistent note in the narrative is the complaint against office-seekers. From the beginning to the end of the Administration he was beset by applicants. "Lazy loafers" and "my old customers," he called them; and it was a good day when he did not have to give two hours to their requests. Probably the patronage was then at its lowest plane. Partisanship was rampant, and men applied for place who had not the slightest notion what they wanted or what they could do. One applicant had heard that some treaties were to be made and thought he would be a good hand at making one. The hunger of the office-seekers, said Polk, was our greatest political danger. It disorganized parties, defeated important measures, and impaired the civil service. He vowed that after his retirement he would write an exposition of the evil for the enlightenment of the people. Unfortunately, he died before he could perform the vow.

It is natural to compare him with other prominent American diarists. He is more subjective than John Quincy Adams and not so versatile; but he wrote when public men seem smaller and less cultured. He is as straightforward as Adams and less given to personal antipathies. As a record of Cabinet activity, the "Diary" is very valuable, but in this respect, it is perhaps excelled by that of Gideon Welles, now being published. Polk tells what the President said in Cabinet, Welles tells what all the members said.

Polk's "Diary" covers the period from August 26, 1845, to June 2, 1849. Thirteen days after it ceased, the author died of cholera. For the years included, it is an important source of information. Several recent writers have used it in manuscript. Its publication extends its area of usefulness. The publishers are to be commended for using good paper and handsome type; but the index is inadequate and most of the editor's notes are perfunctory.

CURRENT FICTION.

Burning Daylight. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In "Martin Eden" this brilliant short-story teller produced a novel which, however fantastic, was not of the sort to be laid down half-read, or forgotten on the instant of its completion. "Burning Daylight" has some points in common with it. Elam Harnish is an Alaskan pioneer who foresees, and makes a fortune out of, the gold strike at the Yukon. Having proved himself the best man on the frontier, he leaves it, with his eleven millions, to see what he can prove himself in civilized life. There takes place no such while-you-wait conversion into a man of brilliant accomplishments and profound culture as fell to the experience of Mr. Martin Eden. Mr. Elam Harnish (known throughout Alaska as "Burning Daylight") acquires the tailoring and superficial manners of the cities, but remains himself. By nature a gambler, the only question he asks is what game he shall play. All business presents itself to him as gambling, and he quickly makes up his mind that the players are a far less "square" lot than his old antagonists at the Klondike. A supposed friend robs him of half a million; and three Eastern financiers lure him on to New York with the express intention of stripping him bare. They do get his fortune, whereupon he gets it back by a delightfully (if impossibly) direct Western method.

He goes back to the Pacific Coast hardened and sharpened as a player at the money game. His days are given to battle, and his evenings to the drink which supplies the necessary "inhibitions" to his over-active brain, and so finally wins him sleep before the next day's fight. He constitutes himself the enemy of the big operators, the owners of corporations, and the manipulators of trade. In short, it is his professed purpose to rob those who rob the poor; but he is really more anxious to beat them than to protect their victims. He becomes steadily coarsened, loses the splendid physical strength which has made him the hero of the Northwest,

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and is on the road to the gross estate of the money-hog, when the love of woman saves him. He suddenly wakes to the situation, tosses away his millions, and flees with his bride to a ranch in the hills, where he earns a sufficient living by his own labor, wins back his old strength of body and youth of spirit, and becomes more than ever a man.

The remarkable thing is that, as Mr. London tells the story, not one reader in fifty will be disposed to regard Daylight's act as anything but inevitable and sensible. A possibly unnecessary touch of melodrama is supplied at the last moment by Daylight's discovery of a marvellous vein of gold on his ranch, his momentary excitement, and his final concealment of the fact, even from his wife. But this is by all odds the most interesting, as well as most wholesome, long story Mr. London has written.

The Rosary. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

If cleanliness is the sole requisite in a novel—and there are novels which make one think so—then "The Rosary" is entitled to unmixed praise. Besides being clean, it is single-minded and high-souled. It tells a tale of faithful love and self-denial. It enters as an expert into the experiences of the blind. It pictures men, women, places, and a parrot with a touch both light and sweet, and sometimes humorous. It is definitely religious in tone without cant. Thus much is but justice to the story. Justice to the reader requires mention of the gush, mush, slush of sentiment in which the story is served. There is gush musical centring in one song and one hymn which sound throughout the book; gush medical, matrimonial, Platonic. Much gush over Jane, the plain, massive, gentlemanly-lady heroine. She wears thoroughly described and perfectly fitting clothes. She is triumphantly athletic. Her "large capable hands" figure so often in the story that one receives the impression of a lady Briareus in golf skirts. She is proverbially plain, but highly captivating and atmospherically admonitory to boy-kind. She calls her friends "Boy," or "Dear Boy," or—to her subsequent sorrow and chastisement—"Mere Boy." In her capable, tailor-made way she has inspired all the good deeds of the story. Orderlies, doctors, and soldiers in Africa would have given their right hands for her. The flagging tennis player at the sound of "that dear voice" saying, "Play up, Dal!" smiled, and with a lightning-like serve won game and set. With one singing of a song she can sing an old comrade into an entirely new state of exaltation over her so that he exclaims in a low voice, vibrant with emotion—"My God! Oh, my God!" Yet this same lover three years later can be deceived into thinking for weeks that the voice of the nurse who is ministering to his blindness is not his Jane's, and that that voice proceeds from the supposed low altitude of a "little dainty person" and not from Jane's five feet eleven inches. Possibly three years of battening on two articles of musical diet had blunted his ear. At the wedding we have sentiment sandwiched with vaudeville, the old Scotch nurse following the ceremony audibly, the English duchess giving her niece away with a short comic speech. For those who like five lumps of sugar in their music and their emotions it is the very book.

Freda. By Katherine Tynan. New York: Cassell & Co.

From the anguished moment when the lonely, ill-used orphan of eleven is rescued from beneath the cane of the debilitated villain—chivalrously rescued by Lionel Dampier, "young, handsome, generous"—to the ecstatic instant nine years later when "she held his face away from her with her two hands," all that transpires is, in the author's explicit phrase and the sage judgment of sweet sixteen, precisely *comme il faut.* Freda's life was not monotonous: she outlived the debilitated villain and the effects of hard usage, profited by the education of a *jeune fille*, with British independence turned her back on France and a French *parti*, scoured London for proof of her parentage, narrowly escaped being murdered in the slums of the East End, served luxuriously as lady's companion in a country house, single-handed captured a burglar, held at her mercy the wicked uncle who had usurped her patrimony, did good to her surviving enemies, married Lionel Dampier—maintaining throughout an aspect of enchanting loveliness and a demeanor irreproachably, adorably, *absolument, comme il faut.*

Jeunes filles can safely rely on "Freda" as a book of correct usages. In cases of debated identity "a Debrett" and Who's Who supply the only authentic clues. No such thing as a spade is ever rudely mentioned by its ugly name. Thugs and burglars are mercifully "put away" in prison. The least exalted sensations are recorded in classic phrase—even the fainting villain "knew nothing more until the late afternoon sky . . . *swam into his ken.*"

Storm and Treasure. By H. C. Bailey. New York: Brentano's.

The French Revolution continues to present itself to the ardent romancer as a fruitful field for his more or less ingenuous activities. The "Tale of Two Cities" did not exhaust the possibilities of the scene or the action of that spectacular drama. Many later stories of the Revolution have hung more closely to the fact—not a few of them far too closely, after all, since a romance is not a monograph in disguise. Mr. Bailey's instinct has led him to avoid the greater revolutionary figures as puppets for his action. And in choosing a hero like his Vicomte de Jan he has given an "up-to-date" flavor to the old story. The Vicomte de Jan, indeed, is the whimsical, indecisive, irresponsible hero of this present hour—a Septimus or Senhouse with sword and queue. He is the son of a noble who has fled from the Vendée to England. The Vicomte is summoned to play his part in that beggarly Grand Army of the Vendée which is making unreasonable headway against the republican forces. The vicomte drifts vaguely into the thick of the conflict, to find himself disgusted with the brutality and banality of it all. He declines the post of honor which is offered him at the head of his fellow-Vendéans, and expresses his opinion of them very frankly. But there is a girl of good blood among their leaders, who scorns him for his indifference to the cause. Of course, she is really attracted to him and he to her. To rescue her, he presently finds himself fighting: they are both captured by the republicans, and condemned to death. Needless to say, they escape, to suffer manifold adventures, and to be permanently united in the end, after the fashion of the youth and the maiden since romance began. The story is told with unusual buoyancy, and the Vicomte de Jan and his ally, Mr. Wild, are not less witty than their prototypes (for that is the word to use) in current fiction.

The Meddlings of Eve. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The meddlings of Eve and her somewhat consciously quaint chronicler, Adam, with the love affairs of certain acquaintances, give this book whatever substance it may be said to have. The "clammer" here maintains his sprightliness, if with perhaps a trace of effort. The setting is the familiar one, that idyllic abode of Adam and Eve, fronted with Adam's clam-bed and, beyond, with an incidental ocean; and flanked by the magnificence of "Old Goodwin." Old Goodwin plays his whimsically benevolent part in the present leisurely action, the most blameless ogre that ever gnashed his teeth in print. To him Eve owes that balmy background of millions which gives her own personal idyl its timeliness. Where would be the peculiar piquancy in the relation of the paradisiacal pair if she were the daughter of another clammer, professional or amateur? We here find their existence in continued oscillation between clam-bed and motor-car, love in a cottage and love à la mode. The latter species of passion, to be sure, directly concerns other persons, but they themselves are delightedly involved in its conduct. Of course, everything comes out according to Eve's moving and Adam's seconding.

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There seems to be no reason why Mr. Hopkins should not go on indefinitely with the mild adventures of this ingenious pair. But it is not well that a work of whimsical sentiment should have too many sequels. "Sentimental Tommy" came to a timely end; and the "Bachelor" fortunately did not carry his reveries beyond their second series.

The Siege of the Seven Suitors. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A witty and wise gentleman whose business it is to cure smoky chimneys goes out to the house of an eccentric and wealthy old lady in Westchester County to deal with a flue that has fallen into inexplicably bad habits. The old lady has with her a niece whom she is determined to marry after a crotchety scheme of her own, which is the occasion of the seven suitors and of the chimney-man's surprising adventures. The besieged niece, by the way, has a sister who has a share in the adventures and in the adventurer's fate.

The interest of the tale is in the fantastically whimsical manner that Mr. Locke has made so popular. Mr. Nicholson's humor is a trifle thin if compared with that of "The Beloved Vagabond" and "Septimus," and will, we suspect, meet with very different acceptance from different readers. Those who take up the book in the right mood and bring to it a proper and docile fancy of their own, will find it charming and refreshing. Some of them may even be tempted to hunt for the mysterious Asolando café somewhere just off Fifth Avenue, though that haunt of virgin æsthetes makes a pretty strong demand on the most willing reader's imagination. Mr. Nicholson's style—and style is everything in this sort of writing—would profit if, out of deference to Lindley Murray, he would learn not to say, "It was ordered . . . that you become." That is the first sentence in the book, and it is not the only example of false sequence of tenses.

DR. JOHNSON.

Six Essays on Johnson. By Walter Raleigh. New York: Henry Frowde.

If, as the saying goes, to abuse Boileau *porte malheur*, it is equally true, and for somewhat the same reason, that to praise Dr. Johnson brings good luck. There is a tonic quality in his wisdom and in his intellectual veracity which saves the critic from the pitfalls that waylay him when dealing with more imaginative writers. Professor Raleigh always has himself pretty well in hand, even when he writes under the spell of the Wordsworth cult, but he is particularly sound in these six essays which treat various aspects of Johnson's life and works. We get the keynote of his criticism in the opening essay, which was delivered as the first Leslie Stephen lecture at the University of Cambridge. "A commonplace, I take it," he there says, "is an oft-repeated truth which means nothing to the hearer of it. But for the most perfect kind of commonplace we must enlarge this definition by adding that it means nothing also to the speaker of it. . . . Almost every number of the *Rambler* contains reflections and thoughts which cease to be commonplace when the experiences that suggested them are remembered." There is, perhaps, a hitch in Professor Raleigh's logic as it is set down, but at bottom he answers a question which every reader of Johnson must have asked himself many times. The *Rambler* and, to a less extent, Johnson's other works are filled with solemn reflections on the oldest and tritest of themes—on death and time and the vanity of life and the deceitfulness of the human heart and the consolations of religion. There is no attempt to renovate these ancientest of topics by paradox or unexpected applications, and the language is often slow and sometimes overweighted. Why, then, do these commonplace reflections on man and the world have to the true Johnsonian a meaning and a power of conviction that make the cleverness of England's modern school of essayists seem like the crackling of thorns under an empty pot? Professor Raleigh suggests the true answer. It is because, however they may sound to the inexperienced reader, they were not commonplaces to Johnson himself, but the fruit of vivid personal experience. His philosophy might be described as the sublime of the commonplace. So it is that Dr. Johnson has "come to be regarded as a kind of Chairman to humanity, whose business it is to cry 'Order, Order,' an embodiment of corporate tradition and the settled wisdom of the ages."

There is much else to commend in Professor Raleigh's essays, as he takes up the discussion of Johnson's style and other topics of the kind. His estimate of the "Lives" is admirable, and we like particularly his sturdy defence of Johnson as the critic of Shakespeare. After comparing two statements from Johnson and Coleridge and showing that the earlier critic has not been superseded, Professor Raleigh, who has shown himself in his other books to be in no wise blind to the virtues of the romantic movement, continues:

> He has been neglected and depreciated ever since the nineteenth century brought in the new æsthetic and philosophical criticism. The twentieth century, it seems likely, will treat him more respectfully. The romantic attitude begins to be fatiguing. The great romantic critics, when they are writing at their best, do succeed in communicating to the reader those thrills of wonder and exaltation which they have felt in contact with Shakespeare's imaginative work. This is not a little thing to do; but it cannot be done continuously, and it has furnished the workaday critic with a vicious model. There is a taint of insincerity about romantic criticism, from which not even the great romantics are free. They are never in danger from the pitfalls that waylay the plodding critic; but they are always falling upward, as it were, into vacuity. They love to lose themselves in an *O altitudo*. From the most worthless material they will fashion a new hasty altar to the unknown God. When they are inspired by their divinity, they say wonderful things; when the inspiration fails them their language is maintained at the same height, and they say more than they feel. You can never be sure of them.

On one or two points we might take issue with Professor Raleigh. In his zeal for the great Cham he even questions Boswell's account of Johnson's voracity. Now, Macaulay's paraphrase of Boswell, which represents Johnson as "tearing his meat like a tiger and swallowing his tea in oceans," is—just a bit of Macaulay's rhetoric. But there is too much confirmation of Boswell's picture—by Chesterfield, for instance, whom, perhaps as an enemy of Johnson, Professor Raleigh does not mention—to suppose it is not true. It is a more serious, and quite unnecessary, error into which Professor Raleigh falls when he compares the attitude of authors toward pay for their work with the attitude of men in business. "Yet iron-founders and cotton-brokers," he exclaims in a fit of strange excitement, "do not, in discussing the operations of their profoundly beneficent trades, express themselves wholly in terms of genius and virtue." Quite true, and neither, for that, does the self-respecting author. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that the relation of a business man's work to his reward in money is totally different from that of an artist's or author's. The former is working in a field where ability and success are measured directly in pecuniary quantities, whereas with the artist pecuniary success can afford no such measure. We do not believe that Dr. Johnson would have countenanced the deductions made by his present critic from his famous remark on writing for pay.

Introduction to Political Science. By James Wilford Garner, Professor of Political Science of the University of Illinois. New York: American Book Co. $2.50.

This book, which is intended as a text-book for students, covers a wider range than is usual in treatises of the kind. After defining the scope and the methods of political science, it treats of the nature, form, constitution, and the essential elements of the state, and of the various theories propounded as to its origin and proper functions. It also includes chapters on the distribution of the powers of government, on the legis-

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lative, executive, and judiciary departments, besides also treating of citizenship, nationality, and the electorate. A bibliography of the best literature in English, French, German, and Italian is placed at the head of each chapter, and many additional authorities are cited in the footnotes.

It is evident that a thorough discussion of all these subjects would be impossible. The author frankly confesses that he makes no pretension to having covered the field in an exhaustive manner. We notice, however, some omissions which should have been supplied. While there is a full discussion of the representative system, there is only an allusion to the system of direct legislation, while the referendum, the initiative, and the right of recall are dismissed with a few words and without reference to the form in which they exist at the present time. No mention is made of the official recognition of parties and the regulation of their primaries, which is one of the most characteristic features of American public law. Where the author discusses the distinction between bureaucratic and popular government, from the standpoint of the organization and spirit of the administrative service, there is nothing said of the civil-service reform, by which it is sought to secure the efficiency of bureaucratic government while avoiding its dangers.

The author expresses his dissent from those who, without regard to the actual facts, would solve political problems by the application of abstract conceptions. In discussing the theory of state functions he comes to the conclusion that no *à priori* solution of their relation can be found, and that the comprehensive ground of general expediency is alone common to them. Yet when he undertakes to discuss the doctrine of sovereignty, which he rightly characterizes as one of the most important topics, if not quite the most important, in political science, he is a doctrinaire of the doctrinaires. Sovereignty he regards as unthinkable unless it is unlimited and undivided. Even the limitations prescribed for making changes in a state's own constitutional organization are merely instances of self-limitation and not legal restrictions, since "it is a matter of common knowledge that such provisions have in the past been time and again set aside for other methods." But as the author himself says in another part of his book, this is "ignoring the fundamental distinction between power legally exercised and power usurped and illegally exercised."

Unless we go back to the theory, repudiated by the author, of the existence of a sovereignty of the people, independent of and superior to the constitution, it is difficult to say why such limitation is not a limitation in the true sense of the word. The importance of this point is perhaps merely academic. But his theory that there is no sovereignty unless it is undivided leads to serious practical results. Although he admits that text-writers and also the Supreme Court of the United States have unanimously held to the theory of the existence, under our Constitution, of a dual sovereignty, yet he cites with approval the statement of Willoughby, in his book on the "Nature of the State," to the effect that under our system the States "are not States but administrative districts with larger powers of autonomy than are given others." He adds that this is "legally an absolutely correct statement of the status of the so-called States of the American Federal Republic." But he does not adopt the view that the central government is sovereign. There is, according to him, somewhere a power over and above both which can redistribute the powers of government between them, and "wherever it is, there is the sovereign." He complains that the task of "running the sovereign to cover" is not easy, and "that it is difficult to say whether the sovereignty resides in the people of the country at large, or in the people of three-fourths of the States, or either." The difficulty would be increased if he had remembered the provision of the Constitution that no State can be deprived, without its own consent, of its equal representation in the Senate.

To us it should seem that there can be a question of seeking where the sovereignty in a state resides, only after it has first been established that we have to deal with a sovereign state. Such a search, if we agree with the conclusions of the author, that in this country we have no sovereign governmental organization at all, must be futile. Nor do we see how a concept, which has been repudiated by the Supreme Court of the United States and every court since the Constitution went into effect, can be said to be an absolutely correct statement of the law.

It may be that, in the course of evolution, the change which seems to be in accord with the wishes of the author will take place; that the nation, as a whole, will be supreme, and that the States will be administrative divisions with a certain amount of autonomy. But when the author asserts that they are so now, merely because they do not come up to his abstract definitions of sovereignty, he is guilty of the same dogmatism which he rightly condemns in others.

Romantic California. By Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Ten years ago Charles Dudley Warner wrote a delightful book on Southern California which he called "Our Italy," because of climatic and other similarities. He also referred to that region as "Our New Italy without malaria," and for this lack and divers other reasons seemed to prefer it to Italy itself. Not a few Italians have apparently shared this preference; California has appealed to them because of its soft breezes, its blue sky and sea, its oranges and figs, and also because of its being a land of gold—"a bit of his own Latin land, and an adventurer's land, too." It is to these Italians that Mr. Peixotto devotes a large part of his latest volume; he searches out the veritable bits of the motherland to be found on Californian soil, and tells his readers what he has seen in these colonies that retain traditions intact, live the picturesque life of the old country, cultivate their patches of *basilico* for the *minestra*, dry their strings of garlic on the roof-tops, and mend their brown nets in the sunlight by the sea. He also takes us to the Italian quarter in San Francisco, one of the first to be rebuilt after the great fire, a region with genuine Italian *trattorie* and theatres, but with a language now getting mixed, like "Pennsylvania Dutch," as illustrated by a sign advertising apartments to rent and concluding with the information, "La chiave al janitor in rear."

Having paid his visits to the Italians, our author calls upon the Spaniards, inspecting the old missions, which are now benefiting by the spirit of conservation which has begun to sweep over the land; indulging in souvenirs of the past; and making excursions to some of the towns that retain the romantic charm of the Spanish occupation—towns whose thick-walled adobe houses are still roofed with pottery tiles, while the streets are cooled by alamedas of pepper trees and tall files of eucalypti. His next excursion is through Bret Harte's country, and in this chapter he seeks to confute those critics who maintain that that story-writer did not correctly portray the life of the early mining days. Jimtown, to be sure, is now Jamestown, and can be reached comfortably by the recently constructed Sierra railway; but Angels is still as much a mining camp as ever, and what one sees there and in other places shows that the embroidery Bret Harte put on his stories "is but a varnish over cold fact." Romantic California is further illustrated, in word and picture, by an exploration of the coast, and finally by a few days' sojourn among the seals and birds of the Farallones, thirty miles at sea from the Golden Gate—islands on which blow at times storms of such fierce intensity that the lighthouse-keepers must climb the winding path on their hands and knees. The fact that the Farallones can be visited only by special permit, difficult to obtain, will fortunately preserve them from the unhappy fate of Santa Catalina, off Los Angeles, which

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has become a fashionable summer resort.

Even if the 219 pages of reading matter in this volume were less alluring, the profuse illustrations would make it a strong ally of the tourist maxim, "See America first." There are no fewer than sixty-eight of them, mostly in this artist's happiest vein, and no one, surely, can look at pictures like Strange Groves of Cypress Point, In the Gaviota Pass, Point Lobos, San Francisco Bay, Los Farallones de los Frayles, Cormorants on their Nests, Shasta, without developing an eager desire to visit these romantic spots.

The History of Gruffydd ap Cynan: The Welsh text with translation, introduction, and notes. By Arthur Jones, M.A. Manchester: University Press.

It is a satisfaction to receive from the press of the University of Manchester continued evidences of the work of the school of Celtic studies, established there by the late Prof. John Strachan. A volume by Tomás O'Maille on the language of the "Annals of Ulster," begun under Strachan's supervision, is announced to appear in the university publications, and the work now under review, together with another that is promised on the legal vocabulary of the "Black Book of Chirk," testifies to the activity of Manchester students on the Brythonic side of Celtic philology.

Mr. Jones's book is a useful, though hardly a distinguished, piece of work. The "History of Gruffydd ap Cynan" deals with an important figure in the national life of Wales during the early Norman period, and while it is by no means to be regarded as a trustworthy narrative, its testimony on many points, as Mr. Jones shows, cannot be left out of account. The material, at all events, is historical, rather than legendary, and its composition, perhaps in an earlier Latin form to which some indications point, may date from the generation just following Gruffydd. This possibility gives the document a special claim on the attention of the historian, and at the same time connects it with a period of great interest to the student of Welsh literature—with the century of Geoffrey of Monmouth. The "History of Gruffydd" has very little in common, however, with the legendary narrative of the "Historia Regum Britanniæ." It is rather to be associated, as a piece of eulogistic biography, with the numerous poems of praise written by the contemporary bards for the kings or tribal chiefs under whom they served. It makes a kind of prose counterpart to these most representative products of the Welsh poetry of the time.

Such is the interest of the document, which has been accessible hitherto only in late and inferior texts. Mr. Jones's chief service consists in having made an edition and translation from the thirteenth century MS. Peniarth 17, and supplied in his introduction and notes valuable explanatory material drawn from other histories and chronicles. He has made the work for the first time easily available for study. His translation, so far as we have examined it, is careful and trustworthy, and, in point of English style, it is better, oddly enough, than the introduction, in which the author had a freer hand at composition. The ineptness and occasional obscurity of Mr. Jones's language suggest an inexperienced writer or one not quite familiar with English idiom. The Welsh text of the "history," we have, of course, not been able to collate with its source. We have found no reason in reading it to doubt its accuracy, though it departs in trifling details from the excerpts of the same manuscript printed by Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans for the Historical Manuscripts Commission. But the typographical errors which disfigure other parts of the book (such as the omission of "been" (?) on p. 25, and the misprints 1908 for 1098 on the same page, *corum* for *eorum* on p. 22, *Gogadh* for *Cogadh* on p. 186, and *Earchmarcach* for *Eachmarcach* on p. 77) rather shake our confidence in readings that we cannot control.

The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Based chiefly upon original family letters. By Allan McLane Hamilton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

While this volume of varied interest makes no pretence of throwing a great amount of new light upon either the public career or the private life of Hamilton, it does much to complete the picture of both. We get a fresh and firmer conception, for example, of the unflinching labor which went along with Hamilton's genius in achieving what he did in the law and in statesmanship. It is made pretty plain that he had given more time, and earlier, to his legal studies than had been supposed, so that it could hardly be said, in the phrase of one of his latest biographers, Oliver, that he "began at the top of his profession." The specimen briefs and outlines of legal arguments here printed show with what care of preparation Hamilton entered court. For the rest, Dr. Hamilton draws from the family archives a store of letters and accounts relating to his grandfather's courtship and marriage, early housekeeping (specimen entries show that the high cost of living troubled people even in 1791), income from professional earnings, and so on. Particular attention is given to the duel with Burr, the conflicting testimony of the seconds being set forth fully, and the medical reports being, as is natural, carefully weighed. In the matter of Hamilton's parentage, the facts are printed without either mystery or exaggeration, so that the reader is put in a position to understand what and how little force there was in the charge that he was illegitimate. Nearly thirty illustrations and facsimiles add to the value of the book, which is handsomely printed with full appendices and an index. The author's style is adequate to the matter, but a little loose at times. Thus, in referring to Hamilton's affairs with women, his grandson speaks, with a severity which we presume was not intended, of his *lâches*. It is probable that what he had in mind was the less offensive law term, "laches."

Notes.

Chatto & Windus are publishing a handsome edition of Stevenson's "Prayers Written at Vailima," illuminated in missal style by Alberto Sangorski; also his "Virginibus Puerisque" and other essays in type designed by Herbert Horne, and in pocket form "Father Damien" and "Talk and Talkers."

Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane," with illustrations in color by Harrison Fisher and Arthur Keller, is in the hands of the same house.

Dr. Gollancz, who has been appointed director of the Early English Text Society, has induced the society to issue, as a memorial to the late director, Dr. Furnivall, the founder of the society, facsimiles of great MSS. of old English literature. Donations to the fund may be sent to Dr. Gollancz at King's College, London.

"The Life and Times of the Right Honourable Cecil John Rhodes, 1853-1902," by Sir Lewis Mitchell of the Executive Council of Cape Colony; "Edgar Allan Poe: A Critical Study," by Arthur Ransome, are announced for immediate publication by Mitchell Kennerly. Somewhat later will appear a series of essays entitled "Interpreters of Life," written by Prof. Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina, on George Meredith, George Bernard Shaw, Maeterlinck, Wilde, and Ibsen.

Admiral Paulding, U. S. N., is the subject of a biography by his daughter, Rebecca P. Meade, announced for early publication by the Baker & Taylor Company, who will also issue "The Paper of Lending Library Books," by Cedric Chivers.

Richard W. Hale of No. 60 State Street, Boston, American secretary and treasurer of the Selden Society, advises us that the delayed volumes of the publications of that society for 1909 and 1910 are expected before the end of the year.

Longmans, Green, & Company have become agents in the United States for the sale of the publications of the University of Manchester. The same firm has arranged with the trustees of William Morris for the publication of a collected edition of his works in twenty-four volumes. The edition will be limited to one thousand and fifty copies.

B. W. Dodge & Company will publish this month "The Memoirs of Prince John de Guelph," and "When Cattle Kingdom

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Fell," by J. R. Stafford, a story of Western life.

"Hidden Water," by Dane Coolidge, is in the press of A. C. McClurg & Company.

Wallace Irwin is publishing with B. W. Huebsch "The Teddysee," an epic of "Big Noise."

T. Fisher Unwin has in preparation "The Unfolding of Personality," by H. Thiselton Mark.

At the first meeting of the new session of the British Academy, on November 16, Prof. W. P. Ker will deliver the first Warton lecture, on "Thomas Warton and the Poetry of the Middle Ages."

A "Scots Dialect Dictionary," compiled by the Rev. Alexander Warrack, with an Introduction by W. Grant of Aberdeen, will be issued before Christmas by W. & R. Chambers.

The third volume of papers bearing on the war of 1870, which are published by the French government, is in the press. It is one of a series of probably twenty volumes, which are to be issued in the next ten or fifteen years.

There were 83 Rhodes scholars from the United States in residence at Oxford during the academic year 1909-10, with 79 from the colonies and 12 from Germany. Jurisprudence was the course of study pursued by the largest number, and a student from Washington, F. D. Metzger, gained the highest honor in it, natural science and history being the subjects ranking next in popularity.

The Berlin Academy has commissioned Dr. Kuno Meyer of Liverpool University to arrange for the publication of the manuscripts of the late Prof. Heinrich Zimmer, the well-known Celticist. Their subjects are, roughly: the earliest Irish literature; Patrick (a work embodying exhaustive investigations); the Celts and the Urbevölkerung, treating of the Zahlensystem Zeiteinteilung, matriarchy, polyandry, etc.; the so-called Celtic spirit in English and French literature (in opposition to Matthew Arnold); the abuse of the term Celtic; notes on Irish and Welsh grammar; the Arthurian legend, etc., etc. The complete works will be printed by the academy in their original form; the unfinished papers are to be edited by Dr. Meyer and brought out in the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie* (Max Niemeyer, Halle).

One dramatist's method of starting to work on a play is suggestive of Freytag's formulas of rising and falling movements, climaxes, and catastrophes. As described by Vanderheyden Fyles, in an article entitled "Dramatists at Work" in the November *Metropolitan*, Eugene Presbrey first draws a diagram. He begins with a line representing the desired rise and fall of dramatic interest. "The effect suggests the record of a fever patient's temperature on a trained nurse's chart; the previously blocked-out acts—three, four, or five—corresponding to the hours on the chart. Then Mr. Presbrey returns to his starting point and traces lighter lines representing the different characters, and showing where they rise and fall with the main story; where meet; where separate; where cross; where end." But this is a very individual method. Most playwrights seem to have a rather haphazard way, not only of beginning, but even more, of ending, the final form of the play often not being determined until after actual presentation before an unconsciously collaborating audience has disclosed its real weaknesses. Pinero is another exception: "The peculiarity (and confident daring) of the system lies in the fact that the playwright finishes each act as completely, as irrevocably, as though it was a drama in itself. . . . Once he regards it finished, he has it printed and turns to the next act."

The extraordinary amount of knowledge displayed in Dante's works has been as puzzling to his commentators as the like phenomenon in Shakespeare's plays. Bruni, in his "Life of Dante," explains that "by study of philosophy, theology, astrology, arithmetic, and geometry, by reading histories, by turning over many and varied books, by vigil and sweat in his studies, he acquired the knowledge which he was to adorn and expound in his verse"; but this is lacking in details of time and place. Barbara Smythe, in "Notes on Dante's Education," in the last number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, thinks it may be safest to assume that the poet was almost entirely self-taught. "That Brunetto encouraged him in his studies, as Bruni tells us, is likely enough; that he actually gave him instruction is improbable." How long and at what time he studied at the Universities of Bologna and Padua are uncertain, despite the testimony of Boccaccio as to the former and of Benvenuto da Imola as to the latter. Boccaccio's words are not precise: "The first elements, as above set forth, he got in his own native city; and thence, as to a place richer in such food, he repaired to Bologna; and when already verging towards age he went to Paris." Benvenuto is more definite. "In his youth he studied natural philosophy in Florence, Bologna, and Padua." But, while certain passages in the "Commedia" support the last quotation in its reference to Bologna, there is no known proof of Dante's having studied at Padua "in his youth." The probability is "that he went there in 1306." His statements that Boethius's "De Consolatione Philosophiæ" and Cicero's "De Amicitia" were unknown to him until he was twenty-five years old, and that he had not previously studied philosophy at all, make it plain that he had received no learned education in his youth, but do not necessarily preclude the possibility of his having been at a university. Much would depend upon what he studied while he was there.

For Petrarch's little-known "Secretum" Prof. J. H. Robinson, in the *Romanic Review*, claims the distinction of being the earliest example of honest and comprehensive self-analysis that we possess. In three short dialogues between St. Augustine and himself, Petrarch reveals the bitter conflict in the breast of the "first modern" between temporal ambition, a doubting desire for literary fame, and the mediæval view of life as a mere probation. Augustine points out the dangers of Petrarch's inability to carry through his ascetic meditations, adding:

> So it comes to pass that, as many things brought into a narrow space are sure to interfere with one another, so your mind is too choked up for anything useful to take root or grow. You have no settled plan, but are turned hither and thither in an amazing whirl; your energies are never concentrated; you are never wholly yourself.

It is the trivial anxieties of ambition that distract him:

> And your reading, what does it profit you? From the mass that you have read how much sticks in your mind, how much takes root and brings forth fruit in its season? Examine your mind carefully, and you will find that all you know, if compared with your ignorance, would bear to it the same relation as that borne to the ocean by a tiny brook shrunk by the summer heats.

Petrarch pleads a consciousness of his own insignificance, really, he is told, the most noxious form of pride. Augustine encourages the allegorical interpretation of Vergil, no matter whether Vergil himself when he wrote thought of it or not. Professor Robinson's analysis of the "Secretum" is to be continued.

The Voltaires, Rousseaus, and Montesquieus of Southern secession have not unnaturally been somewhat neglected for the Dantons and Mirabeaus. In an article in the current number of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, Henry G. Ellis partly supplies this lack of attention by a consideration of the "Influence of Industrial and Educational Leaders on the Secession of Virginia." The divergence between the eastern and the western sections of the State was clearly shown in "the acrimonious discussion that preceded disunion." Each section had its industrial and educational leaders. When the slavery question began to eclipse in interest the tariff, Thomas R. Dew, professor of political economy at William and Mary, became an active pamphleteer defender of the "peculiar institution." His "Essay on Slavery" appeared in 1833, and, long before his death in 1848, what he wrote was "read with avidity and eagerly adopted by many of the slave-holders of the entire South." The leading exponent of the western section was also a prominent educator. In 1847 the Rev. Henry Ruffner, D.D., published "An Address" which he had delivered at Lexington. "This was the famous Ruffner Pamphlet, and it became, to a large extent, the gospel of the west." Ruffner spoke solely as an economist, denouncing slavery as an economic evil. Following the appearance of this pamphlet, a new leader arose in eastern Virginia, this time an industrial representative, Edmund Ruffin, who, besides being a practical planter, for years had been an authority in agricultural matters from New England to Georgia. He had grown rich through slavery, and his experience thus joined with his editorial training in enabling him to defend his views with a reasoning at once forcible and clear. In December, 1856, he published in the Richmond *Enquirer* an "Essay on the Causes and Consequences of the Independence of the South." This was followed in 1857 by a pamphlet entitled "The Political Economy of Slavery, or the Institution Considered in Regard to Its Influence on Public Wealth and the General Welfare," and in that same year by another pamphlet, "Consequences of Abolition Agitation." In 1859, "African Colonization Unveiled" and "The Colonization Society" and "Liberia" appeared. In 1860 Mr. Ruffin published a four-hundred-page book called "Anticipations of the Future to Serve as Lessons for the Present Time." No doubt the unobtrusive work of the pamphleteer had a large share in the task of "bringing

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the people of Virginia to the point of secession, even at the cost of half her domain."

An extensively illustrated volume of folk-lore and historical fact concerning peoples of the eastern Pacific has been compiled by F. W. Christian. It is entitled "Eastern Pacific Lands: Tahiti and the Marquesas Islands," and comes this week from the press of Elliot Stock, who also announces "The Oak, its Natural History, Antiquity, Folk-lore, etc.," by Charles Mosley.

Henry Frowde has put out a fourth edition of Spinoza's "Ethic," translated by W. Hale White and Amelia Hutchison Stirling. Of the excellent translation nothing need now be said. In form the book has the solid attractiveness common to the work of the Oxford University Press; only one criticism is here deserved: the absence of the number of the "part" from the running titles makes it difficult to refer to any desired proposition. In the preface, Mr. White has used Freudenthal's "Lebensgeschichte Spinoza's" to make some additions to the biographical part, and has revised the critical part. For those who wish to read the "Ethic" as Goethe read it, for its philosophical stimulus, and not as an historical student of metaphysics, Mr. White's introduction will be helpful. We think, however, that, for any purpose, he waives too lightly the letter in which Tschirnhausen asked Spinoza how he derived the various manifold world from absolute unity and mere extension. That question Spinoza never properly answered, indeed could not answer, and there runs through the whole of the "Ethic" a sophism which quite vitiates its intellectual, though not its moral, value. He who would comment fruitfully on Spinoza ought first of all to lay bare this sophistical union of the absolute and the relative in the "Ethic," and then to show where the metaphysical sophism ends and the ethical truth begins.

Another volume in that stream of amateur biography that is pouring from the British presses and finding its way to this country. R. Ellis Roberts tells us in the preface to "Samuel Rogers and His Circle" (Dutton) that his purpose is to reduce the material in the books of Sharpe, Dyce, and Clayden to convenient bulk, and to add interest to brevity. The design is laudable, and such a work, undertaken by a man trained in literature and biography, might have been highly entertaining. Mr. Roberts's telling of the story is spoiled by a considerable amount of superfluous and, at times, very amateurish commenting on things in general. It scarcely seems necessary, for instance, in a life of Samuel Rogers, to say, even if the remark were not rather childish in itself, that "the true history of Hellas will never be written unless some one has sufficient imaginative sympathy to describe Socratic or Aristotelian philosophy from the standpoint of Xantippe and Pythias." The second part of the book consists in a number of chapters of mingled gossip and criticism about various friends and acquaintances of Rogers. The gossip is often amusing, and shows considerable reading; the criticism is for the most part at once pretentious and empty. We may seem more severe upon this volume than its failings, if compared with those of its kind, demand. But something ought to be done to stem this flood of amateur biography that England is producing—fortunately, no doubt because the source-material is not abundant here, little of it comes originally from this country. These books, printed in bulky form, and sold at exorbitant prices, are probably doing as much to demoralize the book trade as any other one cause. It is more difficult to write a good biography than a good novel, yet apparently any English man, or woman, who can make grammatical sentences will turn jauntily to writing the life of any one about whom he has read a few books, or of whom he has seen a few manuscript letters.

With the publication some months ago, by the University of Chicago Press, of the first volume, chronologically considered, of Prof. W. C. Bronson's "English Poems," this admirable series of selections was brought to completion. Each of the four volumes has been noticed heretofore in the *Nation*, to wit: The Nineteenth Century, February 13, 1908, p. 153; The Restoration and the Eighteenth Century, July 16, 1908, p. 53; The Elizabethan Age and the Puritan Period, April 28, 1910, p. 430; Old English and Middle English Periods, September 8, 1910, p. 214. In addition it may said that the series, which aims chiefly to meet the needs of survey courses in college, is consistent throughout in following the methods of selection and editing which were a part of the original plans. Its superiority to Ward's "English Poets" lies mainly, we should suppose, in its greater range and in the fulness of its notes.

W. Max Reid's "Lake George and Lake Champlain" (Putnam) is an addition to the American Waterways series, in which heretofore have been included volumes on the Hudson, St. Lawrence, Connecticut, Niagara, Mohawk, Ohio, Colorado, Columbia, and Mississippi Rivers, with other volumes dealing with the Great Lakes and Narragansett Bay. Some of the writers have been well equipped for their tasks, notably Mr. Dellenbaugh, who wrote of the Colorado River, and Mr. Hulbert, whose theme was the Ohio. Mr. Reid, before writing his present volume, had already contributed to the series the volume on the Mohawk, and had published "The Story of Old Fort Johnson," that fort being the early residence of Sir William Johnson. Mr. Reid has collected a considerable mass of historical material. Unfortunately, this industry has not been allied with literary skill in using the material for book purposes. His volumes have been scrappy and disconnected chronicles. It has been possible to dip into them at almost any point and scarcely suffer for want of knowing anything which has gone before. Chronology in narrative and anything like coördination in the arrangement of material have been strikingly absent. In the present case by means of illustrations, handsomely reproduced, and with large type for the text, an attractive volume has been produced. The lack of anything like digestion of the material before the product was printed is illustrated in various chapters indiscriminately arranged one after the other. The reader finds himself entertained in one chapter by an account of Israel Putnam, in another by one of "Old Bill Harris." The story of Ethan Allen's exploit the author leaves to the hands of Judge Thompson, author of that famous book of an older generation, "The Green Mountain Boys." Material taken from Judge Thompson's book serves as two regular chapters of Mr. Reid's. Strange inaccuracies, or solecisms, not only of diction, but of actual fact, are met with. We are told that "to Columbus and other adventurous Spaniards (*sic*) is given the honor of the discovery of America," and then reminded that a party of Basque fishermen probably visited the American coast before Columbus, but no mention is made of the Norsemen, whose visits, if made at all, antedated those of fishermen by centuries. Sir William Johnson is represented as superintendent of the "Five Nations," although the Iroquois in Sir William's time comprised "six" nations. The reader will have no excuse for forgetting the drowning of Corlear, inasmuch as he is informed of it in three places—on page 48, and then, as he turns over the leaf, on page 49, and once more on page 100. The Bay of Fundy is presented to us as "the Bay of Fonda." The British ambassador has his name spelled "Brice." The scene of Champlain's famous battle with the Onondagas is not indicated, although it has been accurately identified.

Richard Watson Gilder's recollections of Grover Cleveland, which have now been published in book form (Century Co.), make little pretension to a biography; they are rather, as the author styles them, "a record of friendship." This friendship extended over more than twenty years, and in the personal reminiscences which Mr. Gilder puts down we see the workings of Mr. Cleveland's mind upon many of the problems which vexed him. It has been said that Mr. Cleveland often expressed his surprise that no one had risen to defend him; this is borne out to some extent by his letters which are quoted in this volume, although he modestly averred that he was not anxious to have an autobiography "on exhibition." There is, too, the note of despondency so often found in his letters. Writing from Princeton in July, 1905, he said:

> Mr. ——— and all the forces about him have lately importuned me, in season and out of season, to write, say twelve autobiographical articles, offering what seems to me a large sum for them; but I have declined the proposition. I went so far (for I softened up a bit under the suggestion of duty and money) as to inquire how something would do like talking to another person for publication; but that did not take at all. I don't really think I would have done even that, but the disapproval of merely a hint that the "I" might to an extent be eliminated made it seem to me more than ever that the retention of everyhing that might attract the lovers of a "snappy life" was considered important by the would-be publisher. There is a circle of friends like you, who I hope will believe in me. I am happy in the conviction that they will continue in the faith whether an autobiography is written or not. I want my wife and children to love me now, and hereafter to proudly honor my memory. They will have my autobiography written on their hearts where every day they may turn the pages and read it. In these days what else is there that is worth while to a man nearly sixty-eight years old?

"Abraham Lincoln and Other Addresses" (Century) has the charm of the clear style and the dry wit of which the Hon. Joseph H. Choate is so consummate a master. They were delivered to English audiences whose acquaintance with American history and institutions was slight. It cannot, therefore, be expected that the lectures on Lincoln,

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Franklin, and Hamilton should contain much new or original matter. A cheerful optimism is the prevailing spirit of the addresses on the Supreme Court and on education. The Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, has fixed the principles regulating the respective spheres of Federal and State power with accuracy for all times. Owing to the general adoption and the complete success of the elective system an undergraduate can develop his talents to the highest degree; our people are sober and economical, and the education received in the common schools enables every citizen to judge with some degree of intelligence of the great problems submitted to him, and has made them industrious readers of the best literature. A cheerful picture indeed. But when he delivered his lectures Mr. Choate was American ambassador, and although an ambassador is no longer to be defined as one who is sent to lie abroad for his country, he can scarcely be blamed if he presents only the bright side of things.

With "The Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur" (Scribners) Howard Pyle completes the fourth and last volume of his illustrated transcription of Malory's famous history. Mr. Pyle has done his task of literary adaptation skilfully and with evident enthusiasm. His pictures, executed broadly with the pen, have a gravity befitting the theme. In fact, the pictures and ornaments deserved a better typographical setting than this over-heavy quarto with its scamped margins. But the book is chiefly intended for young readers, and had to be kept within a price possible for the average fond father. In this romantic vein and in the somewhat archaistic technique he properly affects for these drawings, Mr. Pyle has no rival among our illustrators. The rugged simplicity of his manner fits a theme that oddly enough captured the morbid fancy of Aubrey Beardsley. As decorations Mr. Pyle's cuts are less notable than the Beardsley travesties. In everything that makes for sound illustration only the handful of Arthurian designs in the pre-Raphaelite Tennyson bear comparison with the best of Mr. Pyle's inventions.

William Henry Brewer, professor emeritus of agriculture in the Sheffield Scientific School, died last week at his home in New Haven, aged eighty-two. He graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School in its first class, that of 1852. Continuing his education abroad, he studied at Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris, and later received the degree of A.M. from Yale, 1859; Ph.D. from Washington and Jefferson, 1880, and LL.D. from Yale, 1903. In 1858 he was appointed professor of chemistry and geology in Washington College, Pa. In 1860 he was first assistant in the geological survey of California, and in 1863 was made professor of chemistry in the University of California. In 1864 he came to Yale as professor of agriculture in the Sheffield Scientific School, and was active in that position until 1903, when he retired.

Professor Brewer had been a member of the National Academy of Science since 1880. From 1892 to 1909 he was president of the Connecticut Board of Health, and from 1894 to 1909 was president of the Arctic Club of America. He was also a member of the Connecticut Academy of Sciences, its president in 1887 and 1897; of the American Society of Nationalists, the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, etc.; and held several important government positions, being on the topographical survey of Connecticut; on the commission on cereal production in the United States in connection with the tenth census; on the United States Forestry Commission in 1896, and on the scientific survey of the Philippine Islands in 1903. Chief among his published works is the "Botany of California."

Sir Clifton Robinson of England, who received his knighthood from King Edward five years ago, in recognition of his services as a builder and organizer of traction lines, died last Sunday, at the age of sixty-two. He was the author of several treatises on tramways. For one of these, "The World's Tramways," he received the silver medal of the Society of Arts in 1902.

Science.

Prof. Stéphane Leduc's "Théorie physico-chimique de la vie et générations spontanées," which has been translated by Dr. W. Deane Butcher, will shortly appear from the press of Messrs. Rebman.

"Landscape Gardening Studies" (Lane), by Samuel Parsons, is the work of a man accustomed to do rather than to talk. Its brief and almost dry presentment of the results of more than a score of undertakings of the most varied kinds is a record of achievement rather than an explanation of methods; it is only seldom that Mr. Parsons pauses to show either principles or processes. Nevertheless, the book is suggestive. Its illustrations, from photographs and plans, are worth much study; and its chapters on evergreens and rhododendrons are valuable for their advice and lists of varieties. Perhaps the most needed chapter in the book is on a Japanese tea garden, with suggestions calculated to bring hesitation to those who have yearnings toward imitation of the characteristically foreign.

Several years ago the Swiss government published a wall map of their country for school use, which was then and still is the finest work of its kind. An "Atlas für Schweizerische Mittelschulen" has now been issued, which enables Switzerland again to break former records in educational cartography. The atlas is published by the Kartographia-Winterthur - Actien - Gesellschaft, 1910, and is to be ordered through the "Sekretariat der Konferenz der kantonalen Erziehungs-direktoren" in Zurich. It contains 133 pages, with an extraordinary variety of maps, some 280 in number, mostly physical and political, but showing also language, religion, industries, geology, and products. The intelligence in planning and the skill in executing the work are admirable. Projections and scales have been systematically chosen and are conscientiously indicated. The color schemes for altitudes on the relief maps, for temperatures on the climatic maps, for density on the population maps, and so on, are uniformly graded through the entire volume. Cities are not crowded in to fill blank spaces, but are critically selected, and their names are printed in a different sized type to indicate their population. A great number of inset maps show districts of special interest. The large scale relief maps of parts of Switzerland are unusually effective in representing form. A little corner map of Swtizerland, set into the maps of distant lands, illustrates relative areas. When shall we reach a standard of educational publication to be compared with that here set by the little mountainous republic of Europe?

The mathematico-astronomical public will welcome the appearance of the third volume of Sir George Howard Darwin's "Scientific Papers" (Cambridge University Press, Putnam). The title of the volume, "Figures of Equilibrium of Rotating Liquid and Geophysical Investigations," fairly indicates the general nature of the content. Of the fifteen papers included, the first, which deals with the question of geological changes on the earth's axis of rotation, discredits a current view of geologists regarding the causes and effects of the glacial period. Time has deprived the second and third papers of the relatively little value they originally had. The same cannot be said of the next four, which have to do with the figure of the earth. Before its completion the ninth paper was virtually superseded by Poincaré's now famous memoir on the equilibrium of a rotating fluid mass, a fact that Darwin was prompt to see and prompt to own. The chief of the remaining papers are devoted mainly to extension of the results achieved by the great French savant, whose genius thus accompanies and interfuses that of Darwin in this third volume as did Kelvin's in the two preceding ones.

"Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene," by Dr. Philip Zenner (Robert Clarke Company), is described as "a physician's message" on topics whose presentation to the young is much discussed just now, both here and abroad. A considerable part of this little book contains talks to school children and to college boys, as actually given by the author. They are said to have been directly productive of good results. There is also a general, though very brief, discussion of the scope and method of such instruction which may well be helpful to those who are interested in these questions.

Drama.

Husband and The Forbidden Guests: Two Plays. By John Corbin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Corbin is a welcome addition to the ranks of American dramatists. In these two plays he exhibits not only the powers of observation and reproduction, which are among the chief qualifications of the playwright, but the ability to select a difficult subject of permanent interest and the courage to treat it with sincerity. He says, in a breezy preface on the relative positions of the sexes and the mutual responsibilities of conjugal union, that he hopes he has not written thesis plays, but he will probably find them very commonly allotted to that category, and there is no reason why the definition should be displeasing. It is not easy to understand why a stirring comedy of life and manners

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should be the less valuable, even as entertainment, because it happens to enforce a true and valuable social lesson.

From a purely dramatic point of view, undoubtedly, there is too much discussion in proportion to the action in "Husband," which is the more ambitious and important of the two plays. This does not mean, however, that the story is lacking in incident or excitement. On the contrary, it is well supplied with both. As the piece is to be seen on the stage before long, it is not necessary at this time to describe it in all its details. It is a study, and, in the main—notwithstanding its occasional extravagance—a keen, witty, veracious, and trenchant study of notorious conditions which have wrecked many a youthful romance, brought misery to many homes, and filled the newspapers with scandal. In theme and spirit it is a genuine American comedy, with a message delivered with honest conviction and well worth hearing. Antony Wayne, the hero, is a young American of the most solid type. Of unimpeachable pedigree, he has won triumphs—intellectual and athletic—at college, and comparative wealth at the bar. He has been prominent in East Side work and as a reformer; and, when the curtain rises, he is the independent candidate for an important public office, and the terror of all political machines. He married for love, and for a time was ideally happy. But as his prosperity and the number of his interests have increased, he has become more and more absorbed in his work, while his wife, Clara, childless by her own determination and with no serious purpose in life, has devoted herself more and more to social ambitions and frivolities. So they have gradually drifted apart, he finding solace only in his work, and she deeming herself cruelly neglected. Restless under matrimonial ties and aspiring to an imaginary freedom, she is beguiled by the fallacies of free love, and, at this crisis of her fate, encounters a gay young English nobleman—the betrothed of one of her dearest friends—whom she soon learns to regard as the ideal man. Lord Iffley, on his part, is fascinated by her from the first, and when he seizes a favorable opportunity to declare his passion, she, in a moment of pique, promises to leave her husband and join him as soon as she can get a divorce.

But she purposes no secret flight. Holding that her true life—a life of perfect union—is now to be fulfilled, she frankly tells her husband of her resolve, in a scene which, however clever it may be from a dialectical point of view, or effective theatrically, is scarcely in accordance with the instincts of ordinary human nature. Wayne argues passionately that she is the victim of hallucinations, that her brain has been addled by her spasmodic alliance with subjects beyond her grasp, while she dilates upon the nobility of the free soul. The debate is ended by the entrance of Iffley, whereupon Wayne orders both out of the house. In the closing act, however, by a series of calculated and unconvincing incidents which need not be related here, Clara is made to realize the essential selfishness of Iffley, the certain unhappiness and shame of her further connection with him, and lastly, the fact that deep in her own heart the love of her husband is still strongly rooted. Thus a reconciliation is effected, while she declares her intention of playing hereafter the full part of wife and mother.

This skeleton of the main plot, without reference to subordinate episodes, is sufficient to indicate the general nature of the play. It would be easy to point out more than one weak place in the general scheme, so far as the individual actions of the personages are concerned. In the crises they are too clearly the mouthpieces of their creator. At moments of tense emotion men and women do not argue their respective cases with such reasoned particularity. But the dialogue itself is excellent—compact, clear, and characteristic, and well adapted to stage purposes. The speech of all the personages is facile, natural, and consistent. But the external traits of manner are one thing and the truths of human nature, under stress, another. For his first two acts, Mr. Corbin—on the whole—proceeds naturally and logically toward the culmination of a common but poignant domestic tragedy, but his ultimate arrival at a happy ending, is artificial and theatrical. His conclusion is a practical stultification of his premises. But it probably means the popular success of his play.

"The Forbidden Guest" is an imaginative, and, to the thoughtful, a solemn little piece, fit only for the closet, which touches scientific and spiritual mysteries, of which even the author, perhaps,—for it will not bear the test of ultimate analysis—does not grasp the full significance. It is the vision of a dying widow, who in delirium sees and talks with the spirits of the children to whom she had denied earthly existence. The treatment is delicate, pathetic, and imaginative. To the materialist, the suggested moral will appear a bit of ridiculous and ignorant sentimentality; to the religious, it will be partly true and wholly trite; to the speculative, it will be ingenious, but unconvincing. The pure scientist will say that reproduction is the rule of nature. It is a vexatious topic.

The production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with which the New Theatre opened its second regular season on Monday evening, is but another demonstration of the futility of the attempt to rejuvenate an Elizabethan piece by the employment of modern methods. It may prove a popular success, for it has the prestige of Shakespeare behind it, is most attractive pictorially, and is sufficiently vivacious in its illustration of comic incident, but, inasmuch as it sets its main reliance upon the extravagances of a somewhat clumsy plot, and not upon the delineation of character or the elucidation of the text, it is not entitled to much serious consideration as a Shakespearean enterprise. The play, of course, is not a masterpiece. Falstaff, who is the central figure, is but a poor replica of the Fat Jack of "Henry IV," resembling him chiefly in his size and his profligacy, but he shares many of the same attributes in an earlier stage of their development. He has, at least, the saving grace of humor, a quality almost entirely absent from the impersonation of Louis Calvert. This actor, who has displayed much versatility here, and has had a long training in the Shakespearean drama, played the part with assurance, fluency, and vigor, but in a hard, dry, monotonous manner, with scarcely a touch of mellowness, unction, or luxurious imagination. Natural, in a certain narrow sense, he may have been, but he was not Falstaffian or Shakespearean. The fact that he was suffering from a cold cannot explain the barrenness of his conception. Another vital character, subdued to a fatal naturalness, was that of the brazen go-between, Mrs. Quickly, but the tameness in this case may have been due in large measure to the extreme age of the actress, whose selection was a managerial blunder of the first dimension. The wives themselves, of course, being normal women, present no particular difficulties to any fairly well-trained actresses. In the hands of Edith Wynne Matthison and Rose Coghlan, they are a source of unalloyed enjoyment. Here the obvious interpretation was given with fine skill and buoyant spirits. The Anne Page was charming, but not at all in accordance with her author's design. Pedro de Cordoba furnished a striking and capable sketch of Pistol, and Albert Bruning was clever as Evans, but both were condemned to unconscionable extravagances. The Shallow of Ben Johnson is also entitled to a word of commendation. Of the other performers no individual mention is necessary, except in the case of the Slender of Mr. Gottschalk, who adapts himself naturally to all Shakespearean eccentric parts. The directors of the New Theatre stage will do well to stick to modern pieces until they have realized that the older drama, whether in prose or poetry, is not the new.

"Ralph Royster Doyster," the first regular English comedy, will be presented by the Philolexian Society of Columbia University in Earl Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings, November 18 and 19. The play was written by Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Eton, for the use of his pupils, and was first produced some time between 1534 and 1541. Prof. Algernon Tassin of the Department of English is coaching the cast, and the staging has been designed by Prof. Brander Matthews. As far as possible the play will be given in the Elizabethan manner.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been engaged by Charles Frohman to play the part of the wife in "The Foolish Virgin," an adaptation of Henry Bataille's drama, "La Vierge Folle," which was produced last

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January at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, and is still running at that theatre. It will be produced in this city on December 5.

Louis N. Parker has finished the manuscript of his new comedy, "Pomander Walk," which is to have its first production in New York in December. It is to be played here by an English company. Mr. Parker will superintend the final rehearsals. "Pomander Walk" is thus described: "England of 1805; a crescent walk around a lawn facing the Thames, and bordered by six houses. The same scene for the three acts; little plot, only a discursive narrative about the six families who live in these houses; no villain."

James B. Fagan is finishing a dramatic adaptation, in four acts, of Robert Hichens's noval, "Bella Donna."

The *Quarterly Review* has an article on "The Censorship of Plays," in which are revealed the follies and inconsistencies of this office as it is now conducted.

Music.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. V. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.

No English composer except Sullivan is so widely known in the musical world as George Grove, who edited and partly wrote the first great dictionary of music and musicians in the English language. The French had their Fétis, the Germans their Mendel, and when Macmillan & Co. decided that England ought to have something similar and better, they asked Grove to carry out the project. He accepted the Herculean task while doubting the adequacy of his scholarship. As a matter of fact, his erudition proved insufficient to prevent him from allowing a considerable number of errors to get into the text, particularly in the writing of several contributors in whose accuracy he put too much faith. But these flaws were a bagatelle compared with the merits of his dictionary, which in some respects surpassed all other works of its kind. His own most important contributions, the biographies and estimates of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schubert, were so comprehensive that they might have been printed as separate volumes; and he wisely put the other leading composers into the hands of special admirers and authorities; Schumann, for instance, being written by Dr. Spitta, and Wagner by Edward Dannreuther.

The first volume of "Grove," as this monumental work is now called for short, appeared in 1878, the last in 1889. The musical world moves fast, and it became evident in course of time that instead of issuing supplementary volumes it would be far better to prepare a new edition, with additions that should bring it abreast of the time. To Fuller Maitland, the critic of the London *Times*, the editorship of the new issue was assigned. The first volume of the new edition was published in 1904, and now the work is complete—a great improvement on its predecessor, not only because of the many additions, but because of certain eliminations, like Rockstro's interminable "Schools of Music," which went over the ground covered by scores of other articles in the same work. There is still a lack of proportion in not a few of the articles, as when Tablature, in which only students of mediæval music are interested, gets seven pages, while Tenor, a subject of universal interest and hero-worship, is disposed of in two columns. Tempo is discussed at fitting length by Franklin Taylor, whereas Tempo Rubato, the most important of all subjects for both vocal and instrumental interpreters, is most inadequately and incorrectly treated, both under Tempo Rubato and under Rubato. To define the Rubato in the year 1910 as "a style of performance in which *some portion of the bar* is executed at a quicker or slower tempo than the general rate of movement, the balance being restored by a corresponding slackening or quickening of the remainder," is inexcusable. Whatever the dictionary meaning of the word rubato may be, in actual musical practice it refers to tempo, that is to the pace of a whole bar, or a group of bars, and not to a rhythmic change (dotted notes) within a bar.

Upon the whole, the articles relating, like the one just criticised, to matters of expression are the least satisfactory in the Grove volumes, new and old, Riemann's "Musik-Lexicon" being far superior in this respect. Riemann also includes articles on all the prominent English and American writers of books on musical topics, whereas Maitland, with one exception (that of a contributor), omits them, though he includes German authors like Tappert and Wallaschek, in whose untranslated books English and American readers of "Grove" surely cannot be as much interested as, for example, in the writings of Ernest Newman, Bernard Shaw, or James Huneker. American composers are more considerately treated; but in the case of artists like Lilli Lehmann and Anton Seidl the most important part of their careers, which happened to be in America, is almost completely ignored. The omission of the names of two of the four most popular American singers—Farrar and Homer—might be excused on the ground that when the volume in which they belong was issued they were less famous than they are now. But why were they not included in the 67-page appendix to volume V? And why, in this same appendix, is there room for mention of the fact that the one American critic included in these five volumes has written a new book, whereas under Grieg nothing is said concerning three books, one German, one English, and one American, about that master, which have appeared within a few years? The dates of Sousa's birth and of MacDowell's death are incorrectly given; and Max Bruch, in his German home, will be surprised to read that he died in Vienna on September 17, 1907.

Probably, since Grove completed his labors, the most important change in the concert world is the rise of the Russian school. The new editor showed excellent judgment in asking Rosa Newmarch to write up the masters of this school; it was she who edited and translated Modest Tchaikovsky's life of his brother, the greatest of the Russians, and her thirty-two columns on this composer are a model of condensed information. She is by no means a blind admirer; on the contrary, she rather under than overrates his songs and pianoforte pieces. Her assertion that his songs are inferior to those of Dargomijsky and Balakirev, even if questionable, will doubtless do good in calling attention to the productions of those two men. Other important articles in this final volume are on Tone, Tonic Sol-Fa, Touch, Transposition, Trombone, Trumpet, Tuning, Turn, University Musical Societies, Variations, Violin, Verdi, Violin Playing, Wagner, Waltz, Welsh Music. The author of the five columns on the most popular of dances achieved the extraordinary feat of not even mentioning by name the younger Strauss, universally known as the "Waltz King," which is like writing on the opera without naming Wagner. He deserves praise, however, for emphasizing the importance of Schubert in the development of the waltz. Concerning the Viennese tradition of introducing ritardandos and accelerandos, the very soul of the waltz, he says that, charming though it is to a musician, it "has never been caught by any English conductor of dance music, and probably would be found impracticable in England, where dancers may be seen exhibiting their lack of sense of time and rhythm by waltzing to the music of a polka."

Mr. Maitland and his contributors have wisely adhered to Grove's principle of making the articles in this dictionary interesting to the general reader as well as to the musical student in quest of information. To this it owes much of its success, which is fully deserved; it is a monumental work, a complete musical library in itself.

Several prominent American composers have been members of the faculties of our leading universities but so much was exacted of them in the line of teaching that little time and energy was left for their creative work. It remained for Western College, of Oxford, Ohio, to show the world

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that Pegasus should not be hitched to a wagon. That institution has bestowed on Edgar Stillman Kelley a fellowship which will require him to deliver some lectures during the year, while leaving him ample leisure for composing. A better man could not have been chosen for such a post and privilege. For several years past Mr. Kelley has lived in Berlin, where he has taught, besides composing some chamber music and songs which won the cordial praise of experts.

The Parisians were pleased that Mme. Nordica should have taken the trouble to learn the rôle of Isolde in French; and still more pleased when they heard her do it. Some years ago, when she impersonated Isolde in Munich, the leading newspaper in that city declared it was a delight to find that this rôle can be actually sung, and the Parisians were similarly impressed by the American soprano's rare art of combining *bel canto* with dramatic expression. "Her success was triumphal," declared *Le Figaro* of October 21, and the critics were unanimous in their praise. The eminent composer, Alfred Bruneau, wrote in the *Matin:* "She gives to Isolde a magnificent character of proud vehemence; she imparts to it a superb nobility of attitude and expression. To sum up, her art has force, grandeur, and beauty."

The Paris Opéra Comique will present "Macbeth," an opera in three acts, founded upon Shakespeare's play, by George Bloch.

A Beethoven festival at Paris in the early summer of 1912 is being arranged, it is said, by Alfred Gutmann.

Art.

COLOR PRINTS OF JAPAN.

I.

This corrected and amplified translation of Von Seidlitz's standard work on Japanese prints* appeals both to the collector and the general student of art. With its abundant reproductions and artists' signatures in facsimile, it serves very well as an historical manual, while it has the peculiar merit of endeavoring to make an æsthetic appraisal of the material. This needed badly to be done. Such English experts as Anderson and Strange have, on the whole, approached the subject in an antiquarian spirit, while Edmond de Goncourt and Bing merely confirmed the exaggerated vogue of Hokusai and Utamaro among the pioneer collectors. The late E. F. Fenollosa, in his remarkable catalogue, "The Masters of Ukioye," 1896, was the first Western scholar to work through the entire field from the point of view both of history and pure criticism. His work, since it was merely a catalogue for a loan exhibition, has never had its due recognition, and Von Seidlitz deserves credit for accepting so candidly the judgments of his American predecessor. The emphasis of the present work, then, is precisely where Fenollosa laid it, on Kiyonaga and his eighteenth-century precursors. Here is Fenollosa's rating, which our author apparently accepts: Of first rank as artists are the precursor Matahei, Okumura Masonobu, Harunobu, Kiyonaga, and Hokusai. Such favorites as Koriusai, Utamaro, and Shuncho are relegated to second place, while to the heroes of many of us, Toyokuni of the actors and Hiroshige of the landscapes, is grudgingly awarded third rank. The early nineteenth-century prints that are the staple of the market, Kunisada, Kuniyoshi, etc., Fenollosa left in the limbo of the fourth class. This book, then, reaffirms a quite definite scale of values which the enthusiast may do well to consider. It indicates that, with the exception of Europe's first Japanese love, Hokusai, the tendency has been to collect the prints of minor importance. To possess Utamaro, Toyokuni, and Hokusai, with Hiroshige as a second choice, is still the ambition of the average amateur.

Now it is no wonder that the pioneers, the Goncourts, Duret, Gonse, Whistler, Alfred Stevens, and our own John La Farge and Russell Sturgis should have been enraptured by the first prints that came over. These earliest importations included the giant Hokusai, but for that matter what Fenollosa scornfully calls a fourth rate print was an infinitely refreshing apparition in the heyday of Victorian and Third Empire art. If the pioneers had not loved the languid Utamaro too much, should we now be devotees of Kiyonaga? Will our successors in turn have passed altogether beyond eighteenth century Japan?

II.

A Japanese amateur would be in no doubt as to the answer. For him the cult of an art which he regards as vulgar both in its spirit and processes is a deplorable aberration. We face the disquieting paradox that an art which no native adept takes quite seriously has captured the finest connoisseurs of the western world. Who is right? Or is there some misunderstanding that puts both East and West partly in the wrong? Is there perhaps a common ground on which Mr. John La Farge and Mr. Okakura Kakuzo might yet meet? These questions are all important, but have never been fairly met. Here they naturally cannot be elucidated, yet the hint of a compromise may be given. To do this we must understand the position of the Japanese connoisseur. He scorns the color-prints, first because they represent for him a decadent school. *Ukioye* (the fleeting world) is for him an unworthy subject. He condemns the practitioners of the style, both for their vulgarity and frivolity. They stand apart from that idealism which is the soul of Japan. Hear Mr. Okakura:

> The Popular School, though it attained skill in color and drawing, lacks that ideality which is the basis of Japanese art. Those charmingly colored woodcuts, full of vigor and versatility, made by Utamaro, Shunman, Kyonobu, Harunobu, Kyonaga, Toyokuni, and Hokusai, stand apart from the main line of development of Japanese art, whose evolution has been continuous ever since the Nara period. . . . Great art is that before which we long to die. But the art of the late Tokugawa period only allowed a man to dwell in the delights of fancy. It is because the prettiness of the works of this period first came to notice, instead of the grandeur of the masterpieces hidden in the daimyos' collections and the temple treasures, that Japanese art is not yet seriously considered in the West.

Here we have to do with a condemnation both æsthetic and patriotic. The absolute superiority of the traditional schools of painting is asserted, and *Ukioye* is regarded as a defection from sound national ideals. In the same spirit purists have ruled out the "gallant school" of eighteenth-century France as essentially frivolous or vulgar. And the *Ecole galante* has so many affinities with *Ukioye* that we may say that to condemn Kiyonaga one must logically scorn Watteau, while Utamaro and Fragonard must stand or fall together, both being consummate interpreters of those women whose forte is a refined sensual charm. Here we reach an ineluctable issue of principle. Is it possible honestly to like the severe portraiture of Philippe de Champaigne and the coquettish designs of Eisen, the noble abstract landscape of Sesshu, and the more literal transcripts of Hiroshige? Impressionist critics have denied that the same heart can honestly harbor these discrepant pleasures, and, clearly, the Japanese heart cannot. In the West, however, taste requires no such exclusive and doctrinal devotion. The sincerity of Théophile Gautier will hardly be impugned, and he knelt impartially at the shrines of Ingres and Delacroix. More significantly, Fenollosa, of all students of the ancient traditional painting of Japan the most learned and sympathetic, was also a most discriminating admirer of the masters of *Ukioye*. We might add that connoisseurs who, like C. L. Freer, have sought out the finest scrolls of the earlier centuries have remained unabated enthusiasts for the eighteenth-century masters. In short, the finest Western taste is flexible enough to admit the superior glories of traditional painting in Japan and still to love both the exquisite craftsmanship and the infinite human variety of the smaller art of the popular school. We evidently face one of those ultimate antitheses of race which may hardly be adjusted. Let the Oriental beware lest logical severity deprive him of some excellent pleasure,

**A History of Japanese Colour-Prints.* By W. von Seidlitz. Translated by Anne Heard Dyer and Grace Tripler. About 100 plates, including 16 in color. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., $6.50 net.

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and the Occidental lest in the easy fringe of his standards more undesirable visitants than Utamaro and Fragonard find a lodging.

III.

Admitting once for all the technical and spiritual superiority of older Japanese painting, the color-prints, both on the side of craftsmanship and subject, make an irresistible appeal to the catholic collector. As superb facsimiles after great designers, these sheets far outrank, in merely technical interest, the woodcuts after Dürer and Holbein. The cotton paper, once impregnated with pigment, gains a peculiar loveliness of texture, a chastened brilliancy quite its own. The impressions which are made without a press, by careful padding, yield an extraordinary variety of velvety black lines, cunningly varied flat tints, and even embossing of a most restrained elegance, serving merely as accent. The linear pattern is conducted scrupulously in calligraphic swirls, which yet give the character of the subject; every trick of repetition, opposition, and counterpoise is practised, and the effect remains delightfully simple and clear. Upon this carefully arranged and ever rhythmical foundation of continuous black lines is superimposed a bolder system of color masses. Nobody has understood the art of balanced spots as the painters and printers of Japan. Harmony is secured first by an instinctive equilibration of these flat masses of color, and, again, though the procedure is never allowed to annul the broad contrasts of color, by introducing a little of the neighboring hues in each mass. These humble workmen employ more flexibly that instinctive, almost mathematical, color-sense which we note in the rug weavers of the Nearer East, a faculty which has been vouchsafed but sparingly to Europe since Gothic times.

How subtly intellectual the composition of these unpretentious subjects is may be judged from the fact that the single sheets which have delighted European amateurs often turn out to be merely detached members of compositions of two, three, or more sheets. The arrangement is so planned as to be perfect, whether in the single prints or the ensemble. As regards the mind, the isolated sheet may be incomplete; as regards the eye it is unitary. Evidently, the successful articulation of compositions complete in themselves requires forethought and shrewd calculation. Formulas may help somewhat, but in technical resources the artists of the popular school are not inferior to the great masters of the earlier centuries. Even the purists, like Mr. Okakura, admit this, and merely deplore the inferior inspiration of the realists. As masters of composition, these popular artists are perhaps most engaging in those tall strips called *kakemonos*. Within these strait limits they will set a figure and accessories, sometimes several figures, horses, boats, always without crowding and always with regard to the vertical scheme. Here they achieve not merely remarkable feats in perspective, but do wonders in making figures fully expressive and satisfactory though cut into by the frame. One does not need to go to the master in this kind, Koriusai, nor yet to the rare *kakemonos* of Hanunobu and Kiyonaga; the later men will supply admirable examples. There is, for example, a Yeizan print of a Samurai with his bride, half-length figures, each with a hawk on wrist, in which the pattern undulates through curved wing and back of the falcons and tilted heads of the hunters, being held true to the vertical by spacious masses of blue. Such variety within a formal scheme is characteristic of all genial design, and especially of that of Japan.

For such reasons any lover of beautiful design, not bound by an exclusive æsthetic, will perforce admire, and, as he may, possess Japanese color-prints. It is true that the enthusiasm for them is still somewhat indiscriminating. Secondary artists are exalted, and mediocre prints are sold at absurd prices, but the amateur who is lucky enough to acquire Kiyonaga, Harunobu, or Masonobu, and is clever enough to discern good Hokusai from poor, to cull out the really desirable sheets of Utamaro, Kuniyoshi, and Hiroshige—such an amateur will not have either æsthetic or financial cause to regret his foible for the school of the fleeting world.

Since monetary value depends largely on condition, and the slightest defect in register or inequality in printing rules a print out, it is regrettable that Von Seidlitz has not laid greater stress on this matter. Happily, the cult of condition plays into the hands of the impecunious collector. He buys for a dollar or two the prints which in immaculate state are held in the hundreds. Only let him not persuade himself or his wife that, fiscally speaking, he is getting bargains. Artistically, there is much to be said for the poor print. Its defects are often microscopic, while frequently it has acquired through age and wear an adventitious beauty all its own. The present writer knows of a smoked and browned Koriusai which, though the learned deny it, is æsthetically a "unique example." In the gift and anniversary sheets, *surimono*, the dexterity of the color printers appears at its height. They love to powder the paper with sparkling foil or mica. Of these charming confections our author is somewhat scornful, considering them over-elaborate in polychromy and embossing. *Surimono* are, as a matter of fact, so hard to come by that nobody really needs to be warned against them; moreover with some tendency to fussiness they contain some of the masterpieces of *Ukioye*. A most delicate ingenuity is employed in hinting at favorite occupations or depicting favorite instruments of the person complimented.

IV.

From the early seventeenth century when the painter Matahei founded the popular school, through the years when black or hand-colored prints were the rule, to the beginnings, with three pigments, of true color printing, and Harunobu's invention of the five color blocks, in 1765, Von Seidlitz conducts the reader cautiously and with tact. Due stress is laid upon the close relation of book illustration to the derivative art. The ultimate complication of the color schemes in the artists of the early nineteenth century is condemned as sterile virtuosity. The most famous works are listed, and many signatures are reproduced. This book in short, while in no sense a complete catalogue, is an agreeable introduction to the subject, and a useful manual for the collector. If he adjusts his standards by it he will not go far wrong, for more detailed information a friendly Japanese adviser is better than many books. Fenollosa's catalogue is inaccessible and heavy reading. To study it in a print collection would be a liberal education in this branch. Next to this course would be to buy and read this excellent book which has embodied so much of Fenollosa's teaching. As for the fleeting world of eighteenth century Japan, a visit to it involves some hazard of bad company. It is a chance, however, that an adventurous spirit will take cheerfully. The courtesan, parading, dressing, bathing, reading romances, bulks pretty large in this world. But her appeal is so demure and hieratic that only a very uneasy conscience could resent her presence. She fits naturally and quite modestly into a human scheme that includes chivalric heroes, samurai hunting or in other rural disport, workmen at their trades, hardy fishermen and peddlers with their sumpter beasts, actors in rigid yet expressive poses, prosperous folk on water parties, children at play, toilers in the rice swamps—of this motley world she is in a manner the queen, but she rather partakes of its decorous gayety than communicates her own corruption. Utamaro in his later work has given her a portentous and graceful melancholy. Her features are elongated and rounded with a paradoxical resemblance to a saint of Simone Memmi. And this pathetic conception of the woman of pleasure, corresponding to the end of the great century, means that the glory of *Ukioye* has passed into decadence. There will still be place for the robust illustration of Hokusai; Hiroshige, and occasionally Kuniyoshi, will yet give us visions of that solemn Japan of forest and

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mountain that overlooks eternally the fleeting world of city and coast, but the vein that has produced for nearly two centuries is exhausted. The fleeting world will lack its artist chroniclers, Fuji will aspire in the distance and will be stencilled on a million pots for the delectation of the careless foreigner, but no Hokusai will enwreath that sacred cone with expressive arabesques every element of which is an idiomatic trait of Japanese life. *Ukioye* is dead, as dead as the fêtes of Watteau and frolics of Fragonard, but it keeps a kind of life in those who love the human show and value the exquisite gesture with which a disciplined hand obeys the orders of a seeing eye. And as for the issue of frivolity, a fleeting world in the flesh or on paper must contain much to offend a moralist, but a fleeting world that wants to be exquisitely depicted is for the artist at least a most serious and consoling reality, and by the time the overt frivolity of his subject matter has filtered through his imagination the residuum should be limpid enough for a stoic. Real vision and imagination are always antiseptic. Surely we must count Watteau a serious artist—and Kiyonaga.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Many readers who know and enjoy European architecture would like to learn something of the conditions that gave rise to the various styles, and something of the distinctive features that characterize these styles; but find it irksome to dig their facts out of the ordinary books of the reference shelf. "Romanesque Architecture" (Macmillan), by Edith Browne, is just such a book as they desire—simple, clear, and admirably adapted to their needs. It traces the racial and political influences that brought about and modified the Romanesque style, and describes its structural development so well that one could wish the story not quite so brief. It is an uncommon pleasure in a work of this kind to find that the author is less concerned with questions of chronology or of decorative sculpture and painting than with the architectural qualities of the buildings described. The illustrations are especially well chosen. Other volumes of the series—"Great Buildings, and How to Enjoy Them"—deal with Gothic, Norman, and Greek architecture.

Dr. A. J. Evans and Dr. Duncan MacKenzie have continued their excavations on the site of the great Palace of Knossos, with important results. The exploration of the deep vault previously found beneath the Southern Porch led to the conclusion that it was a great tank for supplying the palace above it with water. This view is strengthened by the discovery of a spiral staircase terminating at what would be the water-level when the reservoir was in use. A similar rock-cut cistern was found at the southeast angle of the palace. These cisterns, Dr. Evans thinks, belonged not to the palace found above them, but to an older palace, of which all traces have disappeared.

Investigations were also conducted in the neighborhood of the "Little Palace"; here was brought to light a fine façade of Minoan masonry belonging to what was evidently an annex of the palace, and connected with it by a kind of bridge. Among the objects found here were a votive marble slab, with a beautiful relief of a youth on horseback, and a Doric metope representing Heracles and the Calydonian boar.

Of great interest is the discovery of six chamber tombs on the headland of Isopata, which overlooks the site of the harbor town of the ancient Knossos. They surpass any hitherto known of this class, both for their size and for the interest attaching to their contents and arrangement. There were found stone and bronze weapons and implements, a beautiful collection of painted vases in the best "Palace style," and a small gold signet ring engraved with a design of two goddesses clasping hands, with their shrines behind them. Of importance was the appearance of a new class of painted vessels, evidently used exclusively for sepulchral purposes, with unfixed colors, chiefly black. In the largest of the six tombs—a chamber about twenty feet square—were found two double axes and two libation vessels. The arrangement in this tomb was peculiar. To the right of the entrance was a raised stone platform into which the pit that formed the burial cist was cut; along the outer face of this platform and around the remaining sides of the chamber ran ledges, and a pier jutted out from the back wall, decorated on its front face with a column in low relief. It is possible that this chamber was used for some memorial function.

C. H. Shannon's portrait drawing of the late Dr. Furnivall has been placed in the National Portrait Gallery.

Charles van der Stappen, the Belgian sculptor and director of the Académie Royale des Beaux-Arts, who died recently in his sixty-eighth year, had decorated many structures in Brussels, among them being the Académie, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Alhambra.

The death is reported from London of Robert Walker Macbeth, the painter, at the age of sixty-two. The son of an artist of some note, Norman Macbeth, he was educated at Edinburgh and Friedrichsdorf, Germany, and later, in art, in the Royal Scottish Academy Schools. He was a member of the Royal Academy and the Royal Water Color Society, an original member of the Painter-Etcher Society, and a correspondent of the Institute of France.

William St. John Harper, an artist and illustrator, died last Friday, aged fifty-nine. As a painter, etcher, and illustrator, Mr. Harper has been prominent in the art world for thirty years, coming into general notice when he was elected president of the Art Students' League in 1881. He is best known probably for his painting of Autumn, which won for him the Clark prize in 1892, and Winter's Veil, which received honorable mention at the Buffalo Exposition in 1901. Among his other paintings are The Beach Patrol, An Opera Night, A Legend of Spring, A Fairy Tale, The Village Street, East Hampton, May Flowers, and numerous Long Island landscapes. He studied under Bonnat and Munkacsy in Paris. In 1878 he became art director of the New York *Daily Graphic*, then the only illustrated daily paper in the country. It was after this that he became head of the Art Students' League, and after filling that position for three years, took up work as an instructor in several schools, among them being the League, the National Academy of Design, Cooper Union Art School, School of Arts and Crafts, and the Emma Willard Art School of Troy, and the Summer School of Painting at Northport, L. I., with which he was associated at the time of his death.

Finance.

LENDING TO CHINA.

The recent announcement that a Chinese Government loan for $50,000,000 had been taken by New York bankers appears to have excited much surprise in Europe, and to have caused some perplexity even on our own money markets. London financial dispatches had at first expressed incredulity as to the subscribing for so large a foreign loan by a market which was resorting to European lenders to finance its own railway loans at high rates of interest. New York itself was puzzled to understand how a $50,000,000 Chinese loan could be taken here, when the very banking community which took it was advising New York city not to press a $50,000,000 loan of its own at the present time, because the American market was not in good shape to absorb it. These were perfectly natural perplexities—not less so, certainly, when it is hardly to be supposed, on general principles, that the average American investor would clamor for Chinese bonds, and when the savings banks could not be among the buyers.

It is safe to say, however, that the operation is distinct, both in character and purpose, from the bringing out of a New York city loan, or a Pennsylvania Railroad loan, or even a United States Government bond issue. In those undertakings the underwriting banker would, so to speak, be in immediate touch with the ultimate consumer, and that consumer would be the American public or the American banking and investing institutions as a whole. Our public, it is true, has taken Cuban Government loans and Japanese Government loans; but Cuba is, in a business way, a part of our own domain, and Japan's American borrowings of 1904 and 1905 were not only facilitated by our people's strong sentimental sympathy with Japan in her war with Russia, but were offered to investors at a price which yielded 6 to 7 per cent. per annum.

No recent Chinese loan has been offered at any such figure; China's outstanding 5 per cents—the rate which the new loan will also bear—are quoted in London well above par. Yet that very quotation shows that somewhere in the international investment market the price can be commanded and the market can be obtained. Presumably the American bankers who have taken the $50,000,000 Chinese 5 per cents at

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95 have done so in the belief, derived from their knowledge of the whole world's investment markets, that they can find advantageous sale for them, though not necessarily in America. They agree with China to find the money; it is indifferent to China where they find it.

In London, which has hitherto been the principal market for Chinese bonds, the comment on the American underwriting seems to be that it is a notably clever achievement, not in finance primarily, but in diplomacy. It has, in fact, been an open secret that our State Department was extremely desirous of placing this loan through the United States. The Administration was in all probability the prime mover in this last operation; it certainly took an active part in insisting that to our bankers should be allotted a portion of the recent $30,000,000 Hankow Railway loan of China.

For this governmental policy there appear to be two reasons, recognized both in Europe and in America. One has to do with the stipulation, sometimes made to a borrowing state, that the proceeds of such a loan shall be invested in materials and supplies bought in the country which financed the issue. The other bears on the presumption, very common in European diplomacy, that the state which lends the money will thereafter have a controlling voice in the politics of the state which borrows it. On no other theory could such an episode be explained as the extraordinary quarrel between four European governments, after China's disastrous war with Japan, as to which should have the privilege of procuring for China the money to pay the heavy war indemnity.

This diplomatic theory, taken as it stands, would explain the wish of our Government and bankers to get China's $50,000,000 loan, and their triumph over the achievement. The question cannot wholly be ignored, however, whether the ulterior purpose is so sure to be attained. That a market holding the bonds of a government which elects to default upon the interest will take a hand in that government's internal policy—to the extent at least of receiving and allotting the yield of its customs and excise revenues—is now accepted international tradition. But that is nothing more or less than appointing a receiver in bankruptcy, and our bankers are certainly not taking Chinese bonds in the hope of such a sequel. In China's case it is pertinent at least to ask who is to be the diplomatic favorite, when (as happens to be true) four separate states are among her existing creditors. More than this, the question will intrude as to how we are to compel political good-will from China on the ground of our money-market civilities, if the Chinese Government should have other inclinations.

Were New York the only market where Peking could borrow, one might answer that financial necessity would involve political friendliness. But as we have seen, the case is just the opposite. China, to judge from current international comment, has conferred a particularly gracious favor on America in letting it have the loan. Why should not China, then, itself demand diplomatic favors in return?

This aspect of the matter gives a touch of the grotesque. If it be replied that such conduct would not be in accord with diplomatic rule and precedent, then what shall be said of Turkey? For years past, through good and ill, London has financed the needs of the Turkish Government, with Paris a more recent participant in the task. Yet when one turns to the "foreign-affairs leader" in the London newspapers of to-day, he finds it filled with indignant protests at the rumored decision of the Constantinople Government to cast its diplomatic fortunes with Germany and the Triple Alliance. England and France denounce both the irregularity and the ingratitude; but Turkey may be imagined as smiling broadly, while she points to the energetic competition among the bankers of London, Paris, and Berlin to obtain the privilege of lending.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andersen, H. C. Fairy Tales. Illustrated. London: Dutton.
Andersen. Stories From Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mrs. E. Lucas. Illustrated. Dutton.
Arabian Nights. Edited by Anna Tweed. Baker & Taylor. $1 net.
Aristotelian Society Proceedings. 1909-1910. London: Williams & Norgate.
Baldwin, E. C. Old Testament Narratives. American Book Co. 20 cents.
Ball, J. M. Andreas Vesalius, the Reformer of Anatomy. St. Louis: Medical Science Press.
Baxter, G. P. Researches Upon the Atomic Weights of Cadmium, Manganese, Bromine, etc. Carnegie Institution of Wash.
Benedict, F. G., and Joslin, E. P. Metabolism in Diabetes Mellitus. Carnegie Institution of Wash.
Bickley, F. Kings' Favorites. Lane, $3.50 net.
Bigelow, J. The Folly of Building Temples of Peace with Untempered Mortar. Huebsch.
Brewer, W. Egypt and Israel. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $2 net.
Brigham, J. The Banker in Literature. Bankers' Pub. Co. $2.
Broadus, E. H. A Book of the Christ Child. Appleton. $1.75 net.
Brodie, E. M. The Rose-Colored World. Metropolitan Press. $1.25 net.
Bunner, H. C. The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town: an Operetta. Music by O. Weil. Harper.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Illus. by F. C. Papé. Dutton.
Burleigh, C. B. The Young Guide. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Busbey, K. G. Home Life in America. Macmillan. $2 net.
Caffin, C. H. The Story of Spanish Painting. Century. $1.20 net.
Calendar for Saints and Sinners, 1911. Chicago: Forbes. $1.
Calvert, A. F. Catalonia and the Balearic Isles. Lane. $1.50 net.
Complete Cynic: Being Bunches of Wisdom from the Calendars of Oliver Herford, E. W. Mumford, and A. Mizner. San Francisco: Paul Elder. 75 cents.
Defoe. Robinson Crusoe. Edited, with notes by A. C. Liddell. Part I. Frowde.
De Milt, A. R. Ways and Days Out of London. Baker & Taylor. $2.50 net.
Dyer, F. L., and Martin, T. C. Edison, His Life and Inventions. 2 vols. Harper. $4.
France, A. On Life and Letters. Lane Co. $2.
Gairdner, W. H. T. Echoes From Edinburgh, 1910. Revell. $1 net.
Gulliver, L. Over the Nonsense Road. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Gwynne, P. Nightshade. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Hanson, J. M. Frontier Ballads. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Hardey. Life of Mary Aloysia Hardey. With introduction by Rev. T. F. Campbell. American Press. $2.
Hegel's Phenomenology of Mind. Trans., with notes, by J. B. Baillie. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5.50 net.
Hudson, W. H. A Shepherd's Life. Dutton.
Hughes, T. Tom Brown's School Days. Illustrated. London: Dutton.
Jameson, F. Art's Enigma. Lane. $2 net.
Johnson, R. A History of the War of Secession, 1861-1865. Fifth edition, enlarged. Wessels & Bissell. $2 net.
Kingsley, C. The Heroes. Illustrated. London: Dutton.
Lamb, C. and M. Tales from Shakespeare. Illus. by A. Rackham. London: Dutton.
Law, E. Shakespeare as a Groom of the Chamber. London: Bell.
Leading American Men of Science. Edited by D. S. Jordan. Holt. $1.75 net.
Lee, S. The French Renaissance in England. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Low, W. H. A Painter's Progress. Scribner. $1.50 net.
McIlwain, C. H. The High Court of Parliament and Its Supremacy. New Haven: Yale University Press.
Major, C. The Little King (Louis XIV). Macmillan. $1.50.
Mamreov, A. F. A Day With the Good Shepherd. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.
Martineau, H. Feats on the Fjord. Illustrated by A. Rackham. London: Dutton.
Mears, M. The Bird in the Box. Stokes. $1.20 net.
Meyer, H. H. The Lesson Handbook, 1911. Eaton & Mains. 25 cents net.
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Swift, J. Gulliver's Travels. Illus. by A. Rackham. London: Dutton.
Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated by C. Folkard. Dutton.
Sylva. Golden Thoughts of Carmen Sylva. Lane. 50 cents net.
Toynbee, P. Dante Alighieri, His Life and Works. Fourth edition, enlarged. London: Methuen.
Van Dyke, J. C. What Is Art? Scribner. $1 net.
Vreeland, W. U., and Michaud, R. Anthology of French Prose and Poetry. Boston: Ginn.
Whitaker's Reference Catalogue of Current Literature, 1910. 3 vols. Publishers' Weekly. $6.
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